JULY·1950

Nation's BUSINESS



Now—Kimberly-Clark brings you

Premium Papers at Standard Prices!



HOT OFF THE PRESS—WITH SPARKLING NEW *LEVELCOAT* SALES APPEAL!

Now you can make every impression a far better impression – without an increase in printing cost! For Kimberly-Clark's four new fully-coated Levelcoat* papers with new fiber, new formula, give you premium quality press performance and reproduction—at the cost of ordinary paper!

You'll see new whiteness and brightness, feel new smoothness, in all four 1950 Levelcoat papers. In make-ready, on large or small presses, you'll discover new economy and dependability. Finally, in comparing reproduction with that of any other paper, at any price, you'll agree there's a striking new difference in the quality of printing achieved—with less waste—on 1950 Levelcoat.

So regardless of your paper requirements – for long runs or short runs, for advertising pieces, magazines or house organs—look to Levelcoat for printability at its *best.*



From logs to chips in 60 seconds! After whirling blades reduce logs to "postage stamp" chips, screens remove oversize pieces. It's part of the carefully *integrated* system whereby all raw materials, machinery and processes are produced or controlled by Kimberly-Clark—giving you the finest coated paper in this market.



Egg beater a la Kimberly-Clark! Automatically-controlled room-size beaters blend LongLac sulphate pulp with other raw pulps. This exclusive ingredient—plus the new white clay coating formula—is the secret behind a super-smooth 1950 Levelcoat with broad ink affinity, dimensional stability, and brilliant *new* whiteness.



Ever picked a pick resistant paper? You have—if you've picked Levelcoat! And just as this picture shows the test for opacity, so does Kimberly-Clark test each lot of paper for *pick resistance.* They're just two of the 79 checks that assure, in new Levelcoat, the press performance and reproduction of *higher-priced paper!*

Before choosing any printing paper — Look at Levelcoat

New HIFECT* – with sulphate-cooked fibers added, permanence, foldability, dimensional stability make Hifect ideal for covers or any fine letterpress printing.

New LITHOFECT* – for offset printing, Lithofect provides a moisture-and-pick-resistant coating. Offers outstanding foldability. Renders colors without loss of density.

New TRUFECT* – whiter, smoother, folds even better than before. Trufect, for letterpress, offers faster ink setting time, greater press dependability, finer reproduction.

New MULTIFECT* – an economy sheet for volume printing. Now Multifect has added strength, better foldability, greater uniformity ream-on-ream than ever before.

KIMBERLY-CLARK

CORPORATION

NEENAH, WISCONSIN

A PRODUCT OF Kimberly Clark RESEARCH

*TRADEMARK



FLINT, city of automobiles

Birthplace and main manufacturing center of General Motors, Flint truly is a city of automobiles.

This is the home of the Buick and AC Spark Plug Divisions. Here are great Chevrolet and Fisher body plants, Du Pont's largest plant for the manufacture of automobile finishes, and factories supplying many automotive parts. Here also is General Motors Institute, a famous technological school dedicated to the training of personnel for the world-wide operations of General Motors.

One of *Outstate Michigan's* two largest cities, Flint manufactures many products besides motor cars. But this is mainly a City of Automobiles, and Flint takes pride in that fact.

Like its No. 1 product, Flint is dynamic. Its people look ahead, keep up to date, get things done.

Cultural development keeps pace with industry. Flint has a symphony orchestra, its own Civic Opera, fine choral societies, many orchestras and bands. The Flint Institute of Arts offers exhibits of outstanding collections and many classes in the fine arts. Flint has an auditorium that seats 6,500 and a stadium that seats 17,000.

The Mott Foundation, endowed by Charles Stewart Mott, sponsors an unparalleled program for health and child welfare, and adult recreation and education. The Clara Elizabeth Fund established by the late William S. Knudsen is distinguished in the field of infant and maternal health.

Like many other fine cities in *Outstate Michigan,* Flint is served with electricity and gas by Consumers Power Company. This is indeed a place to go places. May we tell you more about it?

Check These Advantages of Outstate Michigan

★ **Exceptionally High Percentage of Skilled Workers**
★ **In the Great Market Center of America**
★ **Wide Range of Materials, Parts and Supplies**
★ **Many Basic Materials Right at Hand**
★ **No State Income Tax** ★ **Desirable Plants and Plant Sites**
★ **Dependable Electric and Gas Service at Fair Rates**
★ **Excellent Living Conditions and Cultural Opportunities**
★ **Woods and Lakes that Make This a Foremost Vacation Area**



**Shading on map shows territory served by Consumers Power Company*

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE
Industrial Development Department
CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

D-6-NB

CASHIER SENTENCED FOR $7500 THEFT

[redacted], who embezzled $7500 from the bank at which he [redacted] worked as A[redacted]

PLANT GUARD LEADS GANG IN $15,000 MATERIALS THEFT

Working hand in glove with a gang of [redacted] men, [redacted]

HEAD CLERK ADMITS PILFERING CASH FOR 12 YEARS

Officials of [redacted] Department Store today estimated that [redacted]

STOCK CLERK CONFESSES SECRET SALES OF WAREHOUSE MERCHANDISE

Police last night trapped a clerk into selling them merchandise he had [redacted] warehouse [redacted]

CLERK CHARGED WITH AIDING IN SHOPLIFTING RACKET

A $5,000 shoplifting racket was broken yesterday, and six people jailed, as the result of a clever ruse by a [redacted] man.

WATCHMAN LET GANG IN, POLICE CHARGE

[redacted] watchman at the [redacted] Company's warehouse [redacted]

FOREMAN CONFESSES THEFT OF MATERIALS

[redacted] construction foreman for the [redacted] Construction Company, today confessed [redacted] theft [redacted] materials from [redacted]

TIMEKEEPER ADMITS FRAUDULENT ENTRIES

Falsifying time records of employees netted [redacted] timekeeper [redacted] Turner [redacted]



This Man protects you against Employe Dishonesty Losses

He can't stop dishonesty among your employes . . . but he *can* stop losses to your company from employe dishonesty . . . with a Blanket Bond!

Careful studies of thousands of embezzlers prove that it is *impossible* to judge the trustworthiness of employes, for the average embezzler is *not the criminal type!*

By bonding everyone in your organization, THIS MAN—your U.S.F.&G. Agent—eliminates the hazard of guesswork as to which employe may be tempted. Call him today, and get the details on how a Blanket Bond protects your company from *any* losses because of *any* fraudulent act by *any* employe!

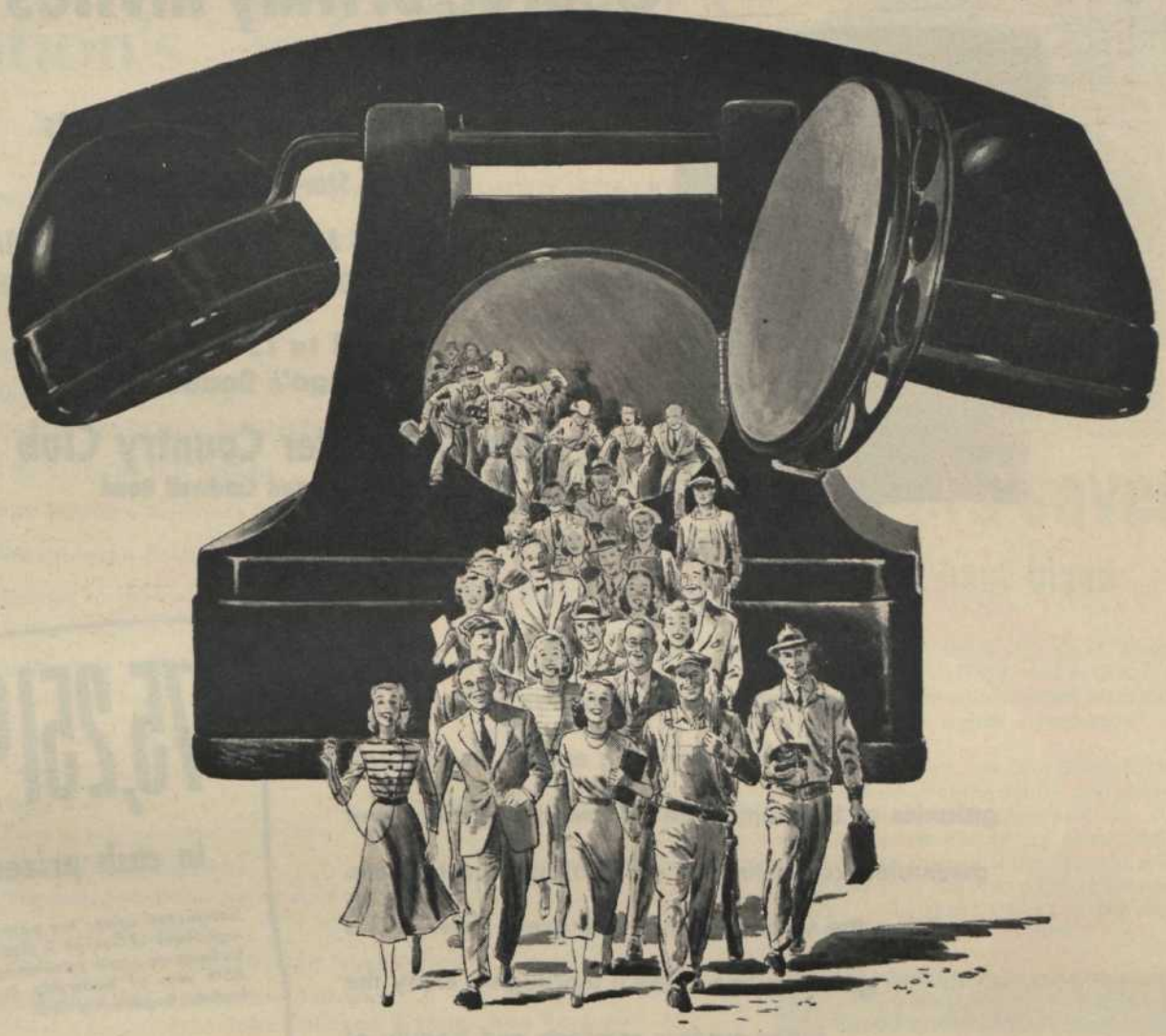
The results of a thirty-month inquiry into the characteristics of 1001 embezzlers are contained in "Embezzlers, *Postwar*," a new book which your U.S.F.&G. Agent will be glad to give you without obligation.

For claim service in emergency, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25, who has the name and address of your nearest U.S.F.&G. Agent.

The U.S.F.&G.

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, *Baltimore 3, Md.*
Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Corporation, *Baltimore 3, Md.*
Fidelity Insurance Company of Canada, *Toronto*

CONSULT YOUR INSURANCE AGENT OR BROKER AS YOU WOULD YOUR DOCTOR OR LAWYER



THE PRICELESS ASSET

It takes many things, all put together, to give you good telephone service at low cost.

There are telephone instruments and switchboards and buildings and almost endless miles of wires and cables across the country.

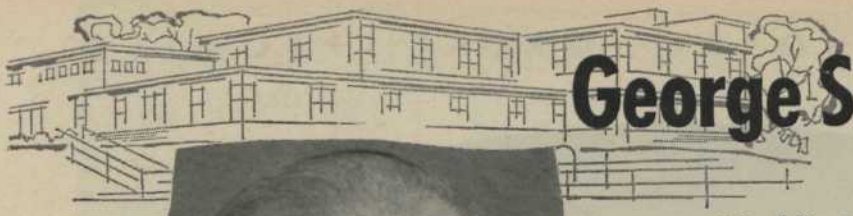
These are important. But they could not possibly do the job without the skill, loyalty and courtesy of telephone men and women.

That is the vital human force that puts life into all of this marvelous telephone equipment and makes it work smoothly and efficiently for millions of people. That is the priceless asset of the Bell System.

It is not something new that has come suddenly into the business but a recognized and distinctive part of telephone service for many years. It is one of the reasons why the future holds such promise.

Telephone people, from top to bottom, are trained and ready as never before to transform new wonders of research and new equipment into better service for more and more people.

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at Chicago's Beautiful

Tam O'Shanter Country Club

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$75,251.00

in cash prizes

Conducted under the personal supervision of George S. May and his Company, now celebrating its 25th year of leadership in the business engineering field.

ADMISSION

$2 *PLUS TAX*



Qualifying Rounds for Men Professionals, August 3

All-American Men's Professional August 5, 6, 7, 8

Men's Amateur August 4, 5, 6, 7

Women's Open, August 3, 4, 5, 6

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP, ALL DIVISIONS, AUGUST 10, 11, 12, 13

Nation's Business

LARGEST IN THE BUSINESS FIELD

PUBLISHED BY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

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vital papers saved from 12-hour blaze

● "On January 22nd, our plant, including all eight buildings, was entirely destroyed by a fire which lasted practically twelve hours," writes a customer.*

● "After the fire, our two Mosler Safes were pulled out of the debris, and allowed to cool. These safes contained our vital records, and it was with a great deal of fear that we opened them. To our relief, we found all of the records in perfect condition . . . the inner panels of the doors of the safes not even marred.

"Other records kept in metal files and in metal desks were entirely destroyed.

● "Having all of our vital records, we have reopened our office. You may rest assured that we certainly intend to use Mosler equipment, both in our temporary quarters and in our final location."

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Remember, in spite of fire insurance, 43 out of every 100 firms that lose their records by fire *never reopen for business.* Can you count on *your* safe to protect your irreplaceable records? A Mosler Record Safe will—at surprisingly low cost.

Don't trust to luck to protect your business—write today for valuable illustrated booklet "What You Should Know About Safes" and the name of your nearest Mosler dealer.



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Largest Builders of Safes and Vaults in the World

SHOCK STRENGTH



Without shock strength—or, for that matter—without all of the strength factors listed below—no pipe laid 100 years ago in *city streets* would be in service today. But, in spite of the evolution of traffic from horse-drawn vehicles to heavy trucks and buses—and today's vast complexity of subway and underground utility services—cast iron gas and water mains, laid over a century ago, are serving in the streets of more than 30 cities in the United States and Canada. Such service records prove that cast iron pipe combines all the strength factors of long life with ample margins of safety. No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

Strength factors of Long Life!

No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets

SHOCK STRENGTH — The toughness of cast iron pipe which enables it to withstand impact and traffic shocks, as well as the hazards in handling, is demonstrated by the Impact Test. While under hydrostatic pressure and the heavy blows from a 50 pound hammer, standard 6-inch cast iron pipe does not crack until the hammer is dropped 6 times *on the same spot* from progressively increased heights of 6 inches.

CRUSHING STRENGTH — The ability of cast iron pipe to withstand external loads imposed by heavy fill and unusual traffic loads is proved by the Ring Compression Test. Standard 6-inch cast iron pipe withstands a crushing weight of more than 14,000 lbs. per foot.

BEAM STRENGTH — When cast iron pipe is subjected to beam stress caused by soil settlement, or disturbance of soil by other utilities, or resting on an obstruction, tests prove that standard 6-inch cast iron pipe in 10-foot span sustains a load of 15,000 lbs.

BURSTING STRENGTH — In full length bursting tests standard 6-inch cast iron pipe withstands more than 2500 lbs. per square inch internal hydrostatic pressure, which proves ample ability to resist water-hammer or unusual working pressures.

CAST IRON

CAST IRON PIPE SERVES FOR CENTURIES

ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

PRACTICALLY the first thing **ARTHUR BARTLETT** did after receiving his sheepskin from Bowdoin College in 1922 was get a job with the Portland, Me., *Press Herald* as a reporter. And reporter he has considered himself primarily ever since, despite stints as associate editor of the *American Magazine* and managing editor of *Country Home*.

However, since 1937, with one exception, he has been on the reporting side of the fence full time. The exception was a year in the nation's capital during the war as special assistant to the director of the Food Distribution Administration.

During his career, Bartlett has covered the waterfront when it comes to assignments. F.D.R., Henry Ford, Lou Gehrig and other luminaries opened their doors to him for interviews. And, recently, the famous bronze portals at 23 Wall Street admitted him for an interview with the men who run the legendary House of Morgan.

WHEN he was a foreign correspondent in Tokyo after the war, **JOHN LACERDA** interviewed a leading business man—a member of the zaibatsu. A few hours later the Japanese committed hara-kiri. In researching the story on the Benjamin Franklin Clinic, LaCerda got the impression that many American business men were also committing hara-kiri. "They don't use knives, of course," he says, "but they do fall victim to such things as overambition and overwork."

His research at the clinic also recalled to mind some American business men he once met in La Paz, Bolivia. These men left their offices every noon to play golf on the world's highest course, just outside the city. Because of the altitude they carried small canisters of oxygen. After a swing at the ball, they sat down and took a few gulps of oxygen to give them energy to continue the game.

Whether LaCerda has golf on his lunch menu, we don't know. But

we do know that he has plenty to keep him busy now that he has his own advertising and public relations business in Philadelphia and does free-lance writing as well.

It's on the writing angle that **MARY ANN RAMSEY,** coauthor of the clinic article, enters the pic-





JULES SCHICK

ture—she works with him on many of his stories. Miss Ramsey is a "Navy brat," the daughter of an admiral. Her last formal "tour of duty" ended with her evacuation from Pearl Harbor after the Japanese attack, during which she spent 18 hours assisting the wounded on Ford Island, the bull's-eye of the target and around which were clustered the USS Arizona, California, Oklahoma and others.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, 1946, Miss Ramsey was associated with the *Philadelphia Magazine,* acting as assistant editor and finally editor, until she left a year ago for other fields.

A NEWCOMER to these pages, **CARL CARMER** began his writing career as a poet, with two volumes published in 1930. When his "Stars Fell on Alabama" came out four years later and was picked as a Literary Guild selection, he decided to devote most of his time to writing. And, as the record shows, he's done just that.



GEORGE KARFIOL

Carmer is an editor of the Rivers of America series, for which he has done "The Hudson" and edited a book of river songs. He has also turned out such well known volumes as "Listen for a Lonesome Drum," "Genesee Fever," "For the Rights of Men" and "Dark Trees to the Wind," as well as half a dozen children's books. And not long ago he worked with Walt Disney on a series of folklore shorts.

As for avocations and hobbies, Carmer collects Americana, especially wooden eagles of the Federalist period. He also likes to putter about his 1860 house in Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.



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Compare this smooth and smart new Burroughs for speed ...styling ...price

Run your eyes over this new Burroughs adding machine. It *looks* like a modern business tool—functional in styling, inviting in color, efficient in every detail.

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Figuring a small part of your daily routine? Make it still smaller . . . use a Burroughs to save time for other jobs.



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A fast, accurate Burroughs gives small business a big boost in efficiency. Low in first cost . . . long in economy.



To each her own!

When a girl waits her turn she wastes her time. *Each* desk deserves a Burroughs.

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☐ I would like to see a demonstration at my place of business.

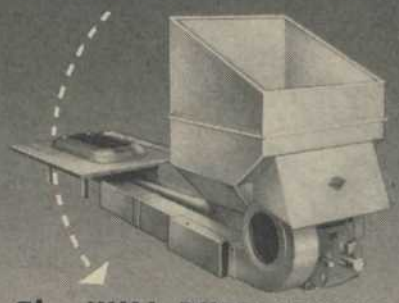
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NB-8

Here's uniform warmth at LOW COST . . .



The WILL-BURT STOKER

Whether you operate a small dairy or a large garage — a huge greenhouse or a medium-sized department store — there's a Will-Burt stoker ready to give you the best in steady, uniform, dependable warmth at low cost.

Will-Burt's half-century of manufacturing experience — more than 20 years experience in building stokers — stands behind every Will-Burt unit.

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HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

NB NOTEBOOK

Getting mpg

OCCASIONALLY the talk of motorists will turn to "miles per gallon" with perhaps a little boasting for one make of car or another. Out at Wood River, Ill., on the banks of the Mississippi, mpg is the big event of the summer. The Shell Mileage Marathon may hang up 150 miles per gallon this year.

The contest grew out of a friendly argument among laboratory workers at the Shell Oil Company research center in 1939. In addition to the Shell laboratory, the company has one of its largest refineries in the town. The marathon is open only to laboratory people.

Just to prove he knows his gasoline, Robert J. Greenshields, director of research, won the first contest with 49.73 miles per gallon. By 1949 he had raised this to 149.95 miles. In a paper before the Society of Automotive Engineers, Greenshields furnished the details.

Your ordinary motorist, however, would not be too interested because some extraordinary methods must be used to conserve on fuel. Engine changes are obvious. Tires are overinflated and treads filed off to reduce friction. The fanbelt and water pump are disconnected and the generator cut off. Over the 14 mile course there is a lot of coasting with the engine stopped. The speedometer rarely goes above 20 miles.

But with proper care of his car, correct adjustments, good lubrication, attention to tire pressure and lower speeds, Greenshields suggests that even the average motorist will enjoy a higher mpg.

Factory charades

ONE of the new ways of teaching straw bosses how to handle the help uses that old-time family entertainment device—the charade. When all the acting spells out, the company hopes that the answer will be better human relations.

SKF Industries, Inc., Philadelphia, has found the method successful in several instances, according to George F. Brobyn of the management development department.

"By assigning roles involving human relations problems to supervisory personnel," he told the Canadian Industrial Trainers' Association, "and having these acted out, better face-to-face relationships with the work force can be developed and maintained."

In playing out their roles, he added, they get to know "how the other fellow feels" in a given situation. The straw boss also gets a better idea of his own shortcomings, probably because an associate knows where to stick him where it hurts.

Buying British

BRITISH trade interests, intent upon expanding their dollar exports, should draw some comfort from a recent survey made by the Wage Earner Forum, sponsored by the Macfadden Publications, Inc. The Forum is a panel of 1,500 wage earner families, chosen scientifically to provide a reliable cross section of the country. In 1948 it came up with the right answer on the election of Mr. Truman.

In the study on British goods, husbands and wives were asked separately if they would have objection to buying articles labeled "Made in Britain." About 80 per cent of the husbands and nearly 90 per cent of the wives said, "No." The percentage of objection rose in the older age brackets.

By regions, the South came out as the best market with 93.5 per cent for wives and 83.3 per cent for husbands. The Far West ranked second in the female vote while the Midwest was voted that position by the men. The East was third on the distaff side and fourth for males.

The breakdown of reasons among the small percentage of ob-

jection gave by far the biggest portion to "Buy American," and the second highest to the assertion that "our goods are better."

Press agents no longer

FOR not a few years the new craft of public relations was under the cloud of a suspicion that press agents had merely invented another name for the same old bag of tricks. Rightly or wrongly, the press agent had been regarded as a rather artful dodger who drew on a vivid imagination to create news of dubious accuracy.

Along with these practitioners, there was the company press agent or publicity representative who made it his business to keep news out of the papers.

Over the last quarter century, however, the scheme has changed and public relations is no longer a new phrase for old tricks. A history of the craft would trace the progress of most business towards social responsibility. Today some 4,000 companies support public relations departments and programs and there are some 500 independent firms offering such service, chiefly to business.

T. J. Ross, who is the senior partner in the firm established 35 years ago by the famed Ivy Lee, recently commented upon the outlook in a school lecture:

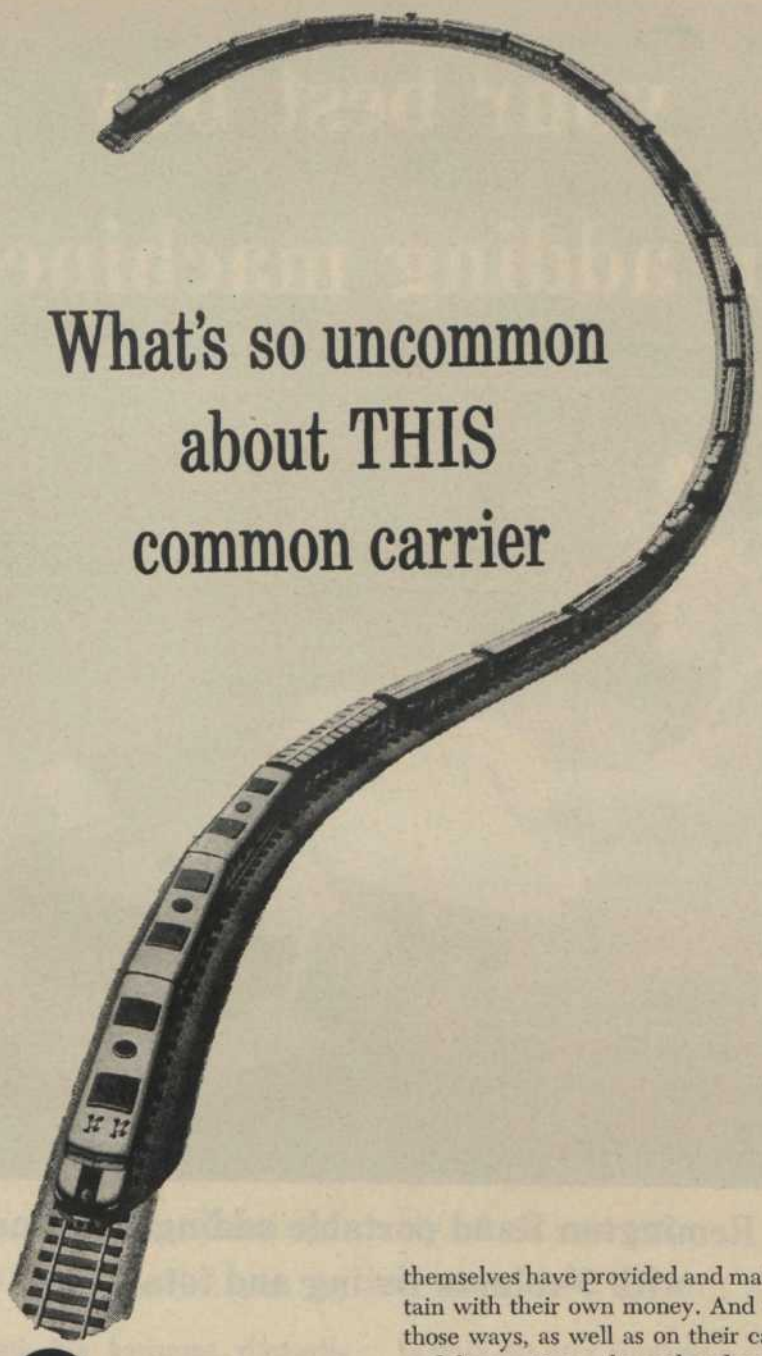
"The future of public relations need not concern itself very much with means of physical communications," he said, "for they and their potentials are already clearly indicated. Advances in human relationships may be far more important—advances that help people to communicate their ideas to each other so that two-way tolerance, sympathy and understanding will be brought about."

No garbage cans

BY THE END of this month, the city fathers of Jasper, Ind., will have a new reason for extolling their town as a place to live. It will be the first community in the world, they believe, to have no garbage cans or garbage problem.

About two years ago the garbage collectors balked a bit at renewing their contracts. Other means of taking care of the waste were investigated and finally a poll of the citizens decided that a majority were in favor of buying home disposal units. The bid of General Electric Supply Corporation of Louisville, Ky., was accepted.

Each householder in this town of 6,000 will have a home garbage



What's so uncommon about THIS common carrier

First of all, railroads stand ready at any time to move anything movable, for anybody, anywhere—and to do it at charges which average less than those of any other form of transportation. They do not pick and choose the kinds of freight they are willing to carry.

The railroads perform this transportation on roadways which they themselves have provided and maintain with their own money. And on those ways, as well as on their cars and locomotives, the railroads pay taxes—taxes which help support your schools, courts, highways and other government services.

But perhaps the most uncommon thing about railroad transportation is that it offers an immediately practical way to reduce congestion on our overloaded highways—for the more freight that is shipped by rail, the safer and the more economical to maintain will our highways be.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC

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Remington Rand portable adding machine with 9-column listing and totalling

Here's a machine with the kind of hustle that meets all comers—the favorite of retailers, professional men, farmers—all kinds of businessmen everywhere. It has top speed—with the *faster* 10 key keyboard—is easy to learn and fast to operate. You'll be pleasantly surprised with its light weight and extra sturdy construction—the combination of portability plus year-after-year wear. Adds up to $10,000,000.00—sells at a low **$125.00**—on easy terms.

Mail the coupon today.

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Business Machines and Supplies Division, Room 1609

☐ Please arrange immediate FREE demonstration in my office of the machine shown above.
☐ Please send me information on Remington Rand Adding Machines.

Name_____

Company_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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shredder at work in his sink on August 1. The units are bought from the city which will save $13,000 in wages and equipment charges for garbage collection.

"Jasper will be a healthier place in which to live," comments Mayor Herbert Thyen.

Time and motion

WHEN the first "time and motion" studies were introduced some years ago the groundwork was laid for the mass-production methods which have put American industry on top of the heap. Engineers traced the movements of the worker and the time required for particular jobs.

Now industry is returning the favor by making possible a photographic reproduction of the work being studied. Small flashlight bulbs attached to the wrist of the employe are pictured in work patterns on the camera film. With the record before them, the time and motion researchers devise ways of eliminating the wasted effort.

In *Better Living*, the Du Pont employe magazine, an article describes the results of one study at one of the company's plants. In the filtration unit a wooden paddle was used to cut heavy, pastelike pigment from large frames. The job took more than half an hour to clear some three tons of wet pigment. The picture showed a complicated maze of motions.

Compressed air and water now perform the task and the new picture reveals only a few checking movements. The operator's chief work now is to handle the controls and valves. Only a few minutes are required. Materials handling, drilling machines and wrapping are used as other examples of the technique whereby new tools make easier jobs.

Ad budgets

ABLE marketing men have been saying over the past year or so that more advertising push ought to be put behind the products of our mills and factories. One argument advanced is that industry is spending extra billions for new plants and still economizing on promotion.

The editor of *Grey Matter*, bulletin of the Grey Advertising Agency, Inc., New York, clicks off 18 reasons why ad budgets ought to be larger. He cites more advertisers and more media, robot retailing where the merchandise must almost be self-selling, population increase, competition be-

tween industries and expansion of national plant capacity among others.

Various studies, the Grey editor explains, have indicated that the percentage of sales devoted to advertising has been showing a down trend for at least two decades. The 50 or 100 largest advertisers know that a 1940 budget cannot do the job required of it in 1950. But some 500 to 600 national advertisers "aren't even vaguely aware that the cost of advertising has risen faster than their ad budgets."

Charging too little

HOW and how much to charge for depreciation continues to be a prime question in industry. Ernest T. Weir, board chairman of the National Steel Corporation, in his annual report devoted special attention to the subject.

National Steel charged $13,171,857 to "regular" depreciation and $11,850,000 to "accelerated" depreciation. These two sums together represent realistic replacement costs, Weir contended, though the Bureau of Internal Revenue will allow tax deduction only on the "regular" charge.

"Some steel companies still depreciate only on the limited basis allowed by the Bureau for tax purposes," Weir explained. "In our view, therefore, the profits shown by the steel industry in 1949 are greatly overstated.

"If the eight leading producers, other than National, had charged depreciation in amounts which bore the same percentage relationship to their respective replacement values at $220 per ingot ton as National's charge, they would have shown an increase in provision for depreciation and a corresponding total reduction in net profits in excess of $180,000,000."

Road fumes

IF THE suggestion of F. R. Fageol, board chairman of the Twin Coach Co., prevails, you may do less cussing on the highway as you drive behind big diesel trucks. Fageol, transit pioneer, is all for the use of propane instead of gasoline and diesel oil for buses and trucks.

The reason is, he explains, that propane, otherwise known as liquid petroleum gas, is odorless as an exhaust. And to bulwark his case he explains that the supply far exceeds foreseeable demand and the cost is less than gasoline or diesel oil in the mid-continent sections of the country.

Should the truck and bus com-

your best buy in calculators



The Remington Rand automatic *Printing* Calculator—with proof you can *see*

Once you see the *Printing* Calculator in action you'll understand why businessmen who want *volume* in accurate figure production choose this remarkable machine!

With the *Printing* Calculator you do each problem only *once*—the printed proof of every factor, every answer is right there on the tape—no more copying from dials, no time-consuming reruns.

The *faster* 10 key keyboard and compactly arranged feature keys are a delight to the operator, and every computation is simplicity itself—you get *automatic* division, direct multiplication, lightning fast addition and subtraction.

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GUARANTEES PAYMENT OF ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES OF UNITED STATES AND CANADA

panies take up his proposal, however, it is not likely that these price differentials would continue. Nevertheless, there would be a lot of solid votes for clearing the atmosphere on the highways.

Pressure age

THE scheme of the Tea Council, of course, is to see that more tea is consumed. However, in the course of its investigations directed to this purpose, it has come up with findings that most of us would be willing ruefully to admit.

It seems the information department of the Council canvassed industrial leaders to name ten jobs in which men and women work under the greatest pressure. A great many jobs were discussed and finally the answer came through that everybody was "under pressure" these days.

To ease the tension the Council, of course, suggests tea.

Bonus in stocks

IT IS six months to Christmas but if things go well, the Automatic Screw Machine Products Co., of Chicago, will once more pay a bonus to its factory workers in stocks instead of cash. And the workers will be asked to make their own selections.

The plan was inaugurated last year, John Norman, vice president, explains, in order to counteract charges circulated by union extremists who belittled the competitive system and kept on harping about "greedy capitalists." Some 14 stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange were distributed. The names and products were widely known and the companies had paid good dividends.

The men started turning to the financial pages. Jokes were passed around. A shop inspector with Greyhound shares put up a sign: "Get Your Tickets Here—One Way and Round Trip." Another worker was heard urging his fellows to shop at Marshall Field's.

It would be wishful thinking, Norman points out, to say at this stage that the men have become increasingly aware of economic and political matters. However, their self-interest has been aroused and dividend checks let them know there is no monopoly in this feature of a capitalistic society.

"We count upon the corporations in which they are investors," Norman adds, "to be good salesmen of the values of free competitive enterprise through annual reports and other informational material."

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

▶BEWARE of the business bandwagon.

Unexpected strength in 1950's first half brought new highs in employment, income, industrial levels—and upward revision in outlook for next six months.

Last half probably will be as good as first. But don't confuse "as good as" with "continuation of."

Business levels rose during first half. Business "as good as" means levelling off, end of the rise.

So don't predicate your plans on continuation of rise. Won't be that good.

And another rise—in prices—is cutting away at the boom's foundation.

▶THERE'S NO UNEMPLOYMENT among prices.

They're always at work—but not at the same wages. In booms they move up, absorb money supply, finally shrink markets to point where boom ends.

In depressions prices slide downward, reach for level where they again can move goods.

▶PRICES ARE MOVING SHARPLY upward on a wide range of industrial materials—which means higher manufactured goods tags soon.

Let's look at a few—

Zinc, up 61 per cent in the last year; barley, up 48 per cent; steel scrap, 108 per cent; wool, 30; rubber, 101; wheat, 14; print cloth, 20; copper, 40.

Tin has dropped 24 per cent, shellac 40. But tallow is up 7; flaxseed, 14; coffee, 73; cotton, 5; burlap, 8; hides, 12; steers, 22; corn, 10.

Each rise in prices cuts away that part of the consumer market that considers the product just out of reach.

And a wide range of rising prices tends to make all buyers cautious, possibly to the point where they decide to wait for a drop. When enough of them do, the drop comes.

▶STATISTICIANS USE 1939-40 price base for making comparisons.

But not so many consumers do. Fifteen million young men who served in World War II today are wage earners, family heads, consumers, markets.

Few remember prewar prices. Most of them were in school, or single. So they make their comparisons with '47 and '48.

If they think today's prices—and those likely to come soon—are too high, they might decide to wait until things settle back to price standards they know, those of two or three years ago.

▶MASS EMOTION NEITHER can be charted nor accurately predicted.

And an important part of today's demand is based on a mass emotion—fear.

It's war fear. Fear that consumers may not be able to get things they want.

Look at today's demand—and you see the reasoning behind it.

It's for homes, automobiles, refrigerators, television, home furnishings, other consumer hard goods—things you can't get during war.

It's fear also of what another war would do to the saved dollar.

Note: Chief characteristic of mass emotion is instability.

▶THERE'S DEEP long-term strength in U. S. economy.

You hear much about building, autos supporting today's prosperity.

But look: American farmers' cash income from marketings last year was $27,500,000,000. That's more than all construction ($19,500,000,000) and automobile sales ($6,859,000,000 at the factories) put together.

U. S. economic strength spreads over the world, brings prosperity to countries that five years ago were smoldering in ruins of war.

And this increasing business tempo abroad means more business for the U. S., for this nation has always found its best customers among the world's most highly developed countries.

Black market quotations on the French franc last month were indicative of European recovery. The black market price was only a tenth of a cent from the official exchange rate.

And look at the forward planning in this nation—

Edison Electric Institute President Elmer L. Lindseth predicts privately owned electric companies will triple their investment in the next 20 years—

That plant value will go from today's $22,000,000,000 to $65,000,000,000.

That demand for electric energy will rise from today's 291,000,000,000 kilowatt hours to a trillion.

And a later survey of 1950's capital investment shows the expected drop from

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

year ago isn't taking place—it may be rising.

These are but a few straws in a steady wind—something to keep in mind while you are considering the effects of short-term fluctuations which are the adjustment mechanism of a free economy.

▶TODAY'S HOUSING BOOM is only half a boom—by some measurements.

Average home under construction has less than 1,200 square feet of floor space. Compares with 1,500 average before war—and 3,000 in 1929.

So while units and dollar volume reach peaks, the houses they are counting and paying for are only half the size of those 25 years ago.

Which means less material, less payroll, less time goes into their building.

▶CLEVELAND TRUST took a look at home building rate and found it not so great for another reason.

Bank's monthly Bulletin reports the number of nonfarm dwellings started per 1,000 increase in nonfarm households in the past 10 years was 693.

It was 617 in depressed '30's; 1,248 in the '20's; 1,152 from 1910 through 1919, and 1,044 for the decade ending with 1909.

Bank points out that these figures do not reflect population shifts, replacements, are subject to "unavoidable inaccuracies which may be present in estimate of numbers of dwellings started."

▶THERE'S GROWING CHANCE there will be no new tax bill this year.

Time, political campaign factors, chop away at possibility for tax revision.

Bill slowly formed in months of House hearings still faces Senate.

That body may follow any of these three courses:

1. Stay in session until bill is approved or rejected.

But there's little likelihood of that in campaign year.

2. Recess—and let finance committee whip bill into shape, then bring back entire body to adopt or reject its work.

But too many finance committee members are up for re-election—Millikin, Taft, George, Lucas, Myers. They'll be hitting the campaign circuits instead of holding tax bill hearings.

So the third alternative is gaining more and more supporters. That's to—

3. Drop it.

In that case the old tax rates will apply next year—including excise levies.

▶NEW GOLD DEVELOPMENT in South Africa may have big effect in British economy.

Under arrangement completed by United Kingdom and South African governments about 25 per cent of gold produced in new Orange Free State development will go to Britain in return for goods—thus adding to Britain's gold supply.

Best estimate of how much gold will be involved in deal is $100,000,000 annually for first few years of operation.

It may rise to much higher figure.

South Africa's newest important gold discovery was made in 1939.

Because of war the development of the gold strike was delayed.

Since war rail and water lines have been laid to the Odendalsrust area, site of the strike, and reduction machinery has been hauled in. Operations are scheduled to get under way in 1952.

Agreement appears to give Britain inside track into South African markets.

Note: Gold found in sterling area is more important to world trade than it would be found in the U. S., where billions in gold is buried. In sterling area it strengthens currency—that needs strengthening.

▶WANT FIGURES on retail trade in your community?

U. S. Census of Business shows number of establishments, sales, number of employes in 10 groups of retail trade, plus eight classifications of wholesalers, plus service trades, hotels, tourist courts and amusement lines.

Preliminary county reports—they include separate listing of principal cities contained—are ready for distribution. They cover 1948.

You can get copy covering your county by writing Bureau of Census, Washington 25, D. C. It's free.

Preliminary summary of U. S. distributive trades shows jump in retail sales from $42,000,000,000 in 1939 to $130,500,000,000 in 1948.

Leading the increase were sales of consumer durables—autos, lumber and building hardware, furniture and appliances.

Employment in distribution rose from 7,900,000 in 1939 to 11,300,000 in '48.

Effect of concentration on larger outlets, elimination of poor or borderline

locations is shown in survey results.

Gasoline station total diminished from 241,858 to 188,305—but sales of the smaller total reached $6,492,586,000, compared with sales totaling $2,822,-495,000 by the larger group in 1939.

That's a rise in annual sales per station from $11,000 to nearly $34,500.

Food group followed same pattern. Stores dropped from 560,549 to 504,480 —but sales skyrocketed from $10,164,-967,000 to $30,980,341,000.

If you'd like to see U. S. totals, ask Bureau of Census for copy of preliminary U. S. summary, census of business.

▶ANOTHER THING GM won when it signed its five year contract with UAW was freedom to manage.

For five years union officials have little reason to be breathing down the neck of GM's officers and directors.

They've made their deal. Now GM board is free to vote shareholders their share without fear of bringing on new wage demands, stoppage threats, price cuts.

▶DEPARTMENT STORE and some other sales are reported in percentage of gain or loss from year ago level.

Keep that in mind when looking at sales reports these days. A year ago is when the retail sales slump came along.

So gains reported now should be discounted. They are gains over a slump, not over current levels.

▶WAR IS FAR AWAY, if operating practices followed by U. S. Government's synthetic rubber management are a sound indicator.

Government invested $700,000,000 during war to regain rubber supply through synthetics.

Now most of the plant is in mothballs —and it would take from six months to a year to get it into production.

That part now in operation has inventory on hand of 20,000 tons.

Which is approximately two weeks' supply at present rate of consumption.

Prudent practice of private business would demand six months' supply.

Note: U. S. is accumulating no synthetic rubber in its strategic stockpiling program.

▶HERE'S ONE REASON Congress will have a conservative flavor regardless of November's election returns—

Southern Democrats hold chairmanships of 11 of the 19 House standing committees, seven of the Senate's 15.

These posts—won through seniority—give conservative Southerners a strong

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

hold on legislative machinery that handles important legislation before it ever reaches floors of Congress.

Let's see who they are, what committees they head on the Senate side—

Agriculture and Forestry, Thomas of Oklahoma; Appropriations, McKellar of Tennessee; Banking and Currency, Maybank of South Carolina; Expenditures in the Executive Department, McClellan of Arkansas; Finance, George of Georgia; Foreign Relations, Connally of Texas; Post Office and Civil Service, Johnston of South Carolina.

In the House the southern-held chairmanships are Agriculture, Cooley of North Carolina; Armed Services, Vinson of Georgia; Banking and Currency, Spence of Kentucky; District of Columbia, McMillan of South Carolina; Merchant Marine, Bland of Virginia; Post Office and Civil Service, Murray of Tennessee; Public Lands, Peterson of Florida; Public Works, Whittington of Mississippi; Un-American Activities, Wood of Georgia; Veterans' Affairs, Rankin of Mississippi; Ways and Means, Doughton of North Carolina.

In vote counts Missouri, Arizona and New Mexico are considered southwestern, not southern states.

▶BRIEFS: Seasonal rise in beef, hog marketings will start next month—but don't expect much drop in prices. Demand will take all that reaches markets, at prices about same as current....Military Air Transport Service mission is changed from transport to training. Slashes in cargo, personnel transport will mean commercial airlines will get much of the business carried on MATS 81,000,000 passenger miles last year.... Now there's a bill in the House to guarantee loans for construction of wholesale produce markets in cities where bankers say it isn't a sound proposition for them....Note that GM-UAW contract provides for continuance of employment after 65. If employe wishes until 68, longer if company agrees....Cleveland builder last month sold out 400 unit $10,000 home development before model home was completed or tract developed. ...Neutrality talk—in case of U.S.-Russia war—grows in pubs of Ireland and England, according to returning crawlers.

"Those machines build profits in TWO ways!"



NATIONAL MECHANIZED ACCOUNTING ① CUTS COSTS ② GIVES MONEY-MAKING INFORMATION

A man's business judgment is only as good as his business information! National Accounting Machines enable you to get more *money-making information* about your business—facts you've never had before.

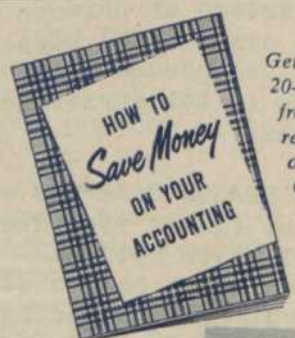
They also effect *direct savings* in accounting costs—savings which often repay the investment within a year.

A capital investment that materially *reduces expenses*, and also *increases your earning power*, is doubly justified.

Thousands of small concerns use *one* MULTIPLE-DUTY machine (in foreground) to handle *all* their accounting—including payroll—changing *in seconds* from one job to another. Large concerns use batteries of these machines on specific jobs.

Many firms also use the SPECIALIZED machine (in background), with its 20 Payroll totals and 42 Analysis Distribution totals, to cut costs where volume warrants.

Have our local representative show you in actual figures what *you can save* with National Mechanized Accounting.



Get this FREE 20-page booklet from our local representative, or write to the Company at Dayton 9, Ohio.

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OF NATION'S BUSINESS

The State of the Nation

PRESIDENT TRUMAN asserted recently that if universal military training had been approved by Congress four or five years ago there "would have been no cold war." Conscription is one of the issues, the Chief Executive suggested, of which he knows what is good for the country as a whole much better than Congress.



Felix Morley

But one does not need to classify as an "obstructionist" to believe that Mr. Truman's faith in conscription as a defense against communism is unwarranted. And to assume that the "cold war" is primarily a matter of rival military establishments is a tragic error of judgment. It is tragic because that error, implanted in the minds of the American people, could easily promote the defeat of our system by its determined and by no means unintelligent enemy.

The claim that the cold war could have been averted by adopting peacetime conscription immediately after V-J Day is completely idle. As a matter of fact, subversive hostilities against this country had already been declared by the Kremlin at that time. If Mr. Truman had been more aware of this, there would have been less foolish talk from the White House about "red herrings."

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Lenin wrote:

> Either the Soviet Government triumphs in every advanced country in the world, or the most reactionary imperialism triumphs, the most savage imperialism which is out . . . to reinstate reaction all over the world. This is the Anglo-American imperialism which has perfectly mastered the art of using for its purposes the form of a democratic republic. One or the other. There is no middle course.

The same idea was generalized in the program of the communist international adopted in Moscow under Stalin's leadership Sept. 1, 1928. This program defined the United States as the leading capitalist nation and declared that "a new, fundamental antagonism of world historical scope and significance has arisen: the antagonism between the U.S.S.R. and the capitalist world."

• • •

It may be that permanent conscription is necessary for the United States as a result of the cold war. That is a wholly different issue. Independent of that issue it should be realized that conscription alone would not have averted, and certainly would not now terminate, the cold war. To think that military measures alone can repel communism is dangerously to oversimplify the character of its attack.

The cold war is first and foremost an ideological struggle. Therefore eventual victory will require both a clear understanding of the hostile philosophy and a reanimation of vital faith in the principles for which this republic stands. Certainly



there must be military preparedness along with this essential renascence. Soviet Russia is unquestionably ready to use armed force to extend its political power. But the armed services are for the Kremlin only the agency that can facilitate the triumph of a certain political and economic system—called communism.

There is a tendency among Americans to regard military efficiency as an end in itself, rather than as an agency supporting our own political and economic philosophy. That tendency is illustrated by President Truman's belief that conscription alone would have averted the cold war. As almost everyone now realizes, there was similar oversimplification in President Roosevelt's assumption that Stalin, although already openly pledged to the destruction of this republic, could be trusted as an ally, and that a United Nations could be built on the assumption of friendly cooperation between Kremlin and White House.

Naïveté of this character has no place in the conduct of international relations. As has been said before in these editorials, the most dangerous defect in our foreign policy has not been any active communist infiltration, or even moral perversion among a fraction of State Department employes. The weakness has been cerebral.

• • •

To most Americans, communism is still a novel doctrine. We dislike it, instinctively and intensely, much as we do leprosy. But to dislike a disease, physical or spiritual, is not enough. Leprosy has been kept from our people because it was objectively and scientifically studied, as the precedent condition to preventive measures. Universal military training alone would not have immunized Americans from leprosy. It will not immunize us from communism. Indeed, conscription could quite conceivably facilitate the spread of communism here.

That is because centralization of power is the bacteriological culture in which the germ of Marxist doctrine flourishes. Men must be subordinated as individuals, with political dictatorship usurping their primary allegiance to God, before the completely irreligious ideals of communism can make headway among them. Karl Marx himself pointed this out in the famous Communist Manifesto, first issued in 1848. "The first step in the revolution," said Marx, "is to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state."

Because socialistic measures pave the way to communism it does not necessarily follow that the best way to fight communism is to oppose all forms of government ownership and operation. Here again a medical analogy is helpful. Inoculation, or the intentional communication of a disease in mild form, is one way to obtain immunity. Thus it can be said that we stave off government operation of telephone service by enduring an inefficient governmental postal service.

Nevertheless, it is true that whenever people surrender to the state any part of their natural right to manage their own affairs they move, even if imperceptibly, in the direction of communism. Military conscription inevitably involves a sweeping surrender of the right to order one's own life, and for that reason alone is a decidedly two-edged weapon in the struggle against the philosophy of communism. That doctrine, we must always remember, can make headway by infiltration from within, probably much more easily than by imposition from without.

• • •

There is nothing new about this thought. The great English philosopher, John Stuart Mill, posed the issue clearly in his essay on "Representative Government," first published in 1861. Mill argued there that in the case of healthy and normal adults "each is the only safe guardian of his own rights and interests." He recognized this to be "a doctrine of universal selfishness" and was well aware that it would be increasingly challenged as the conditions of life became more complex. Yet Mill concluded:

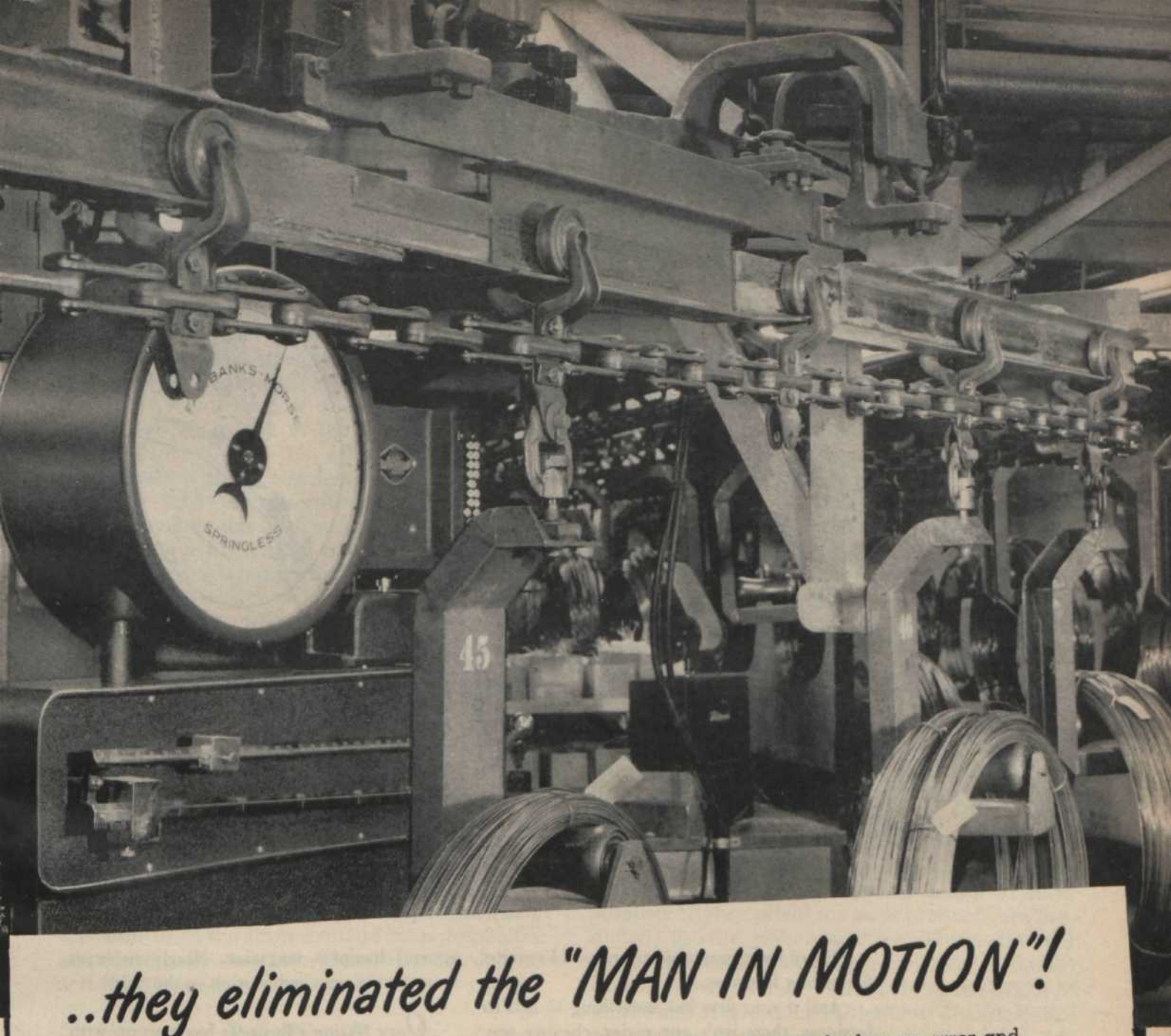
> Whenever it ceases to be true that mankind, as a rule, prefer themselves to others, and those nearest to them to those more remote, from that moment communism is not only practicable, but the only defensible form of society; and will, when that time arrives, be assuredly carried into effect.

Of late years we have heard much shallow criticism, as "isolationist" or whatnot, of the perfectly sound theory that charity begins at home. Therefore it is healthy to recall the emphasis based on self-improvement by a thoughtful English writer of 90 years ago. In defiance of Mill's reasoning we have tried hard "to make the world safe for democracy," even though the effort has not given a vote to any resident of our own District of Columbia. We have tried hard to "liberate" other people, yet sardonically find ourselves in bondage to our own tax collectors.

These experiences encourage reflection, as our republic moves steadily towards a more intensive struggle with communism. In this century we have won two great wars but have failed miserably in gaining the objectives sought. The cold war is a different sort of war. That makes it more rather than less important to clarify our minds in advance regarding the aims and ideals which we are most anxious to safeguard.

The Fourth of July would seem a very appropriate time for that consideration.

—FELIX MORLEY



..they eliminated the "MAN IN MOTION"!

This large Eastern wire drawing plant eliminated laborious, costly hand-carting of wire coils to a platform scale for weighing . . . and then hand-carting to shipping or storage points. By utilizing the efficient advantages offered by an overhead trolley conveyor, a Fairbanks-Morse Overhead Suspension Track Scale and Printomatic Recorder, coils are weighed automatically while in transit. Coil weights are recorded automatically on a ticket by the Printomatic Recorder, thus eliminating any chance for human error and providing accurate records for accounting and shipping.

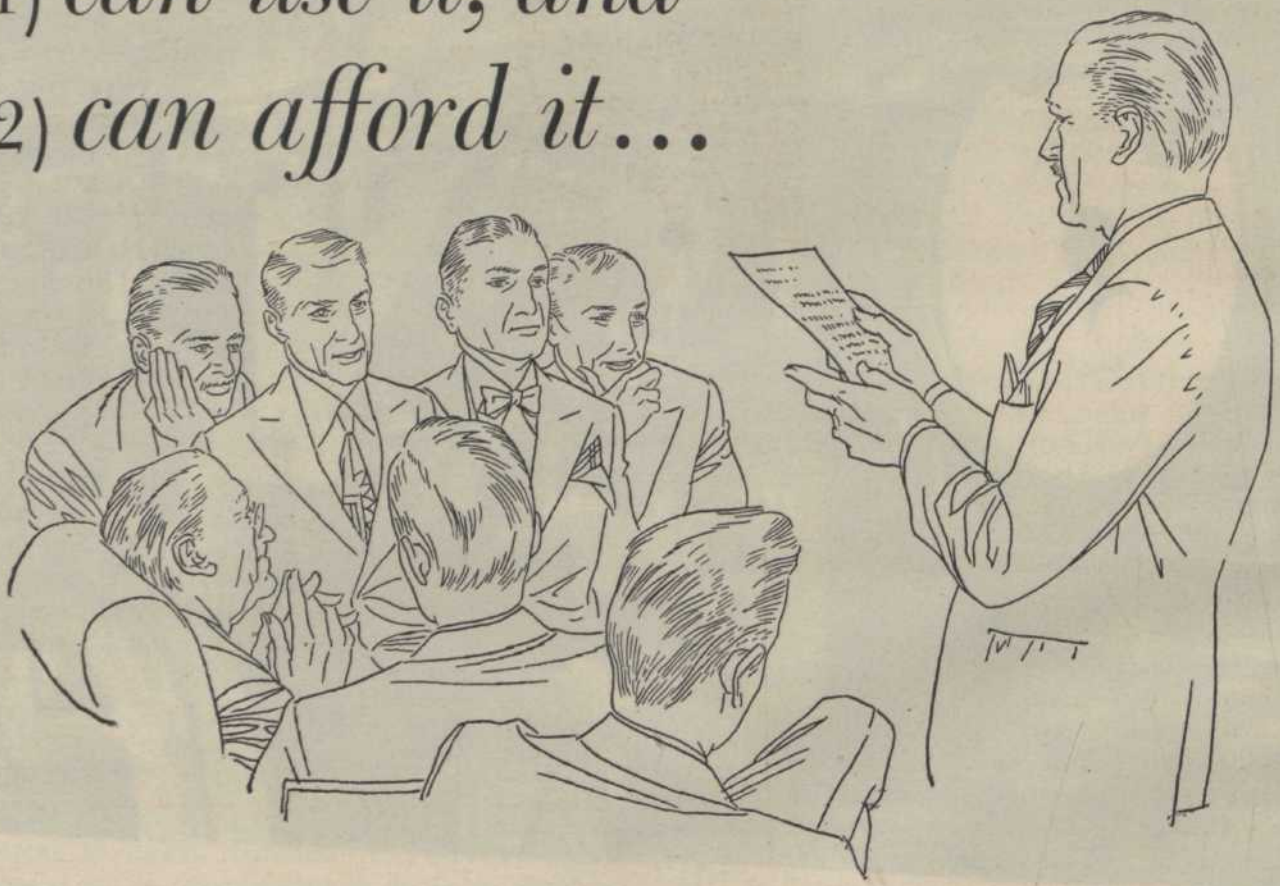
If you have a weighing problem . . . would like to speed operations and assure positive accuracy, why not consult your Fairbanks-Morse weighing expert. From the broad line of Fairbanks-Morse Scales, he can help you select the exact scale best suited to your requirements. Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Chicago 5, Ill.

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Find somebody who
1) *can use it, and*
2) *can afford it...*



There never was a better brass-tacks recipe for getting business.

And if your firm has something to sell to business, there isn't any easier, cheaper way to find customers and make sales . . . than by advertising in this magazine you are reading.

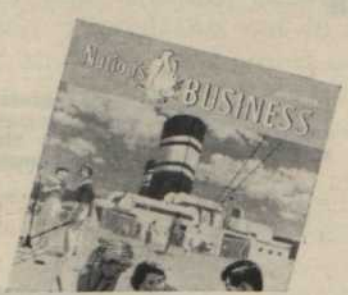
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NATION'S BUSINESS

WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT,
CLEVELAND, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

The Month's Business Highlights



Paul Wooton

BUSINESS for the remainder of the year, at least, will be influenced more by forces engendered by the foreign situation than by anything likely to happen at home. An armed peace seems probable, but enough possibility of some violent outburst exists to keep the country in a state of uncertainty that is not conducive to the savings in government outlay that are needed to maintain a sound economy.

Despite those uncertainties the domestic economy has been surprisingly stable. Only a little more than a year ago some were predicting a runaway inflation in 1950. A little later there were warnings that the country was headed for a deep depression. Instead, 1950 promises to wind up with only a mild degree of inflation which is due principally to the administration's effort to finance everything and to the unhealthy deficit. The Government cannot continue to have a deficit year after year without high prices. This is the first peacetime year that we have had a substantial cash deficit and a high level of business activity. The deficit is inexcusable, but economy means pinching someone. That politicians do not like to do. It is evident that the country cannot go on producing indefinitely at the present rate, but no slump worthy of the name will come until the acute demand for automobiles and construction has been satisfied. Much of that activity, however, is based on credit.

• • •

If Russian leaders wanted war they would not be doing things that cause western countries to stay on a war basis. Instead, they would be trying to promote a feeling of complacence. If Russia provokes war it will be due to weakness rather than strength. Enough has been learned of the attitude of the Russian people to know that they have borne all the sacrifices that they can take. Despite the usual crop of disquieting statements that come along when appropriations are being considered there is no convincing evidence of any change in the policy which the Politburo has pursued for five years—that is, to bore from within and to keep military expenses high in western countries in the hope that this will necessitate lower living standards and cause discontent.

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Everything that has happened during the first half of 1950 is on the plus side. All the trends are in support of high business activity in the second half. This is insured by sheer momentum even if nothing new occurs to give the economy a push. Firming prices have spurred inventory buying. Last year inventories were declining—now they are increasing. Industrial production may top the 1948 peak before the year is out. That depends to a considerable extent, however, on whether the rise in machinery output continues. Various components of the industrial index are headed for new peaks, but they may crest in different months. The total output of goods and services has exceeded the 1949 rate and fast is overtaking the rate established in 1948. Steel stocks are regarded by many users as better than money in the bank. Consumer income continues to climb. The personal income total will establish a new high in 1950. Bank debits are running higher than the monthly average in any previous year. Expenditures for new plant and equipment may not fall below the 1949 rate. Excess of exports over imports has declined sharply. Department store sales are less than in 1948 but compare favorably with 1949. Total stocks have increased moderately. Decline in wholesale prices seems to have stopped. Higher prices for farm products are predicted. Textile prices are recovering. Inflated prices for building materials continue. Some recent concessions have been made in the prices of paints and of plumbing equipment. Chemicals are off slightly. Consumer credit continues to run above the $18,000,000,000 mark.

Legislation to put into effect President Truman's program for small business probably will die with this session of Congress. Some future Congress, however, is expected to authorize nationally chartered institutions to provide long-term capital credit for small concerns. That action would remove the last excuse for retaining the RFC. Industrial loans by the Federal Reserve banks should be discontinued. Federal Reserve money forms a basis on which banks can expand. Federal Reserve money should not be used for ordinary business loans. In general, the less lending the Government does the better it is for the public





welfare. Government lending frequently is tinged with politics and competes with loans by banks and by other private institutions.

After having had some firsthand experience with price controls, wage controls, rationing and allocations, and having observed what has happened in Britain, there is little doubt that direct controls are unpopular with Americans. History has demonstrated that an economy does not manage itself. There are, however, indirect and impersonal types of regulation which fit into the free enterprise system. Monetary and fiscal controls put limitations on market forces, but they do not affect the many decisions that have to be made daily with respect to production, prices, wages, and hours. The banker is left free to make his own decisions as to how much he will lend or invest, to whom he will make loans and the terms he will set. Freedom to make decisions promotes efficiency and is essential in a free economy. Results of monetary-fiscal controls are manifested through market forces and not by the decisions of government officials.

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The fundamental idea behind the Federal Reserve system is to adjust the money flow to the flow of goods and thus bring about economic stability. There has been enough discussion of this matter on Capitol Hill at this session to make reasonably sure that there will be less political interference with that key function.

While reorganization is in the air, the Federal Reserve system board of governors should not be overlooked. Since the establishment of the system, the board has become more of an operating body than was contemplated by the founders. Open-market operations in government securities rather than discounts for member banks have emerged as the principal activity of Federal Reserve banks. This has made the board, which constitutes the majority of the open-market committee, not too dissimilar from a central bank of the type that exists in other countries. The weakness of a board setup is increased by the fact that a President cannot resist the temptation of allowing a couple of appointments to go to weak sisters. He is likely to think that one or two out of seven should not impair efficiency. The system, therefore, throughout its 37 years of life, generally has had one or more members with little qualification.

The form of organization many nonpolitical persons would like to see would be a single governor with cabinet rank. This would enable him to meet on a basis of equality with the Secretary of the Treasury with whom he must cooperate.

Advocacy of the Brannan plan by the Administration bids fair to alienate a substantial part of the farmer vote in the November elections. Farmers want support prices as a right and not as a donation, particularly when more government interference is certain to go with it. Industry at one time came to regard protective tariffs as a right, but now has to justify any import levy on competitive goods. Agriculture, sooner or later, will likewise have to justify what it receives in the way of subsidy but a formula based on a percentage of parity seemingly is not so closely related to the taxes people pay. Consequently, many farmers would prefer something along the line of the Aiken plan if they cannot continue to get the high supports of the present law.

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Not all the increase in construction has been in the residential field. There are areas in which there have been surprising upturns in nonresidential building. . . . Coal production is off nationally, but has increased sharply in some areas. This is due to the concentration of output at low-cost mines. . . . Bank loans have not increased much, but there are areas where the increase has been marked. . . . While sunshine and ocean breezes cannot be metered and sold, Florida has done such an outstanding job of capitalizing on its climate that bank deposits in 1950 were more than 500 per cent higher than in 1920. . . . Excess of entrance into work continues to run far ahead of deaths and retirement. . . . Percentage of surrender of goods bought on instalments is at an all-time low. . . . While farm income is nearly triple that of 1940 the decline of 22 per cent in the past two years, plus the 1950 decline, is being reflected increasingly in the business of rural areas and in mail order sales. . . . Adoption of high level employment targets by United Nations member countries, and the changes being made in fiscal policies to that end, are recognized as having world-wide economic significance. . . . Little credit competition is in evidence in the sales of automobiles. Dealers generally are showing no disposition to depart from standard terms to stimulate sales. . . . One fourth of all married women are working outside their homes. This has contributed importantly to consumer buying power. . . . Production and sale of shoes are expected to continue at the present level. . . . Restaurant sales are increasing. . . . Excise tax uncertainty has reduced jewelry sales. . . . Metalworking industries are having difficulty in obtaining supplies of copper, aluminum, zinc, and some types of steel. . . . Few food price declines are expected during the remainder of the year. . . . Summer bookings at hotels are heavy despite the volume of travel to Europe. . . . Ample supplies of merchandise are giving impetus to premium form of selling.

—PAUL WOOTON

Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

WILL H. HAYS, who was quite a political strategist in his day, says that what the country needs is not less politics, but more politics. He means that more Americans should give more attention to practical politics, not only at election time but every day.

"Such attention is the patriotism of peace," Hays told Republican leaders here not so long ago. "We should raise a slogan that would sound the death knell of demagogy, namely 'Every man a politician,' in the sense that he participates directly and intelligently in the political process, from the precinct up to the national capital."

The Republicans could use Hays' advice, because, for some reason, they just don't work as hard as the Democrats in the political arena.

They have plenty of ideas about how to win. Get a group of nominal Republicans together, and the chances are that they will all have pretty much the same formula for victory: an inspiring leader, an attractive policy, and a fetching slogan. The name of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower almost certainly will come up. Ike, it is usually agreed, could provide the inspiration—and how! The question of policy, meaning issues, is likely to prove more troublesome, and also the related question of a slogan.

The thing you hardly ever hear discussed at such gatherings, unless professionals are present, is the hard work of politics—the raising of money, the recruitment of new blood, the door-to-door canvassing, the hauling of voters to the polls, and so on.

It isn't very dramatic, this kind of work, but Republican chieftains are convinced that there can be no lasting victory without it. They'll tell you so if you call at G.O.P. national headquarters here in Washington, the four-story, colonial-type building on fashionable Connecticut Avenue.

Guy George Gabrielson, the New Jersey lawyer-business man, who is chairman of the Republican National Committee, is making a real effort to revitalize the party machinery. His first consideration is, of course, the 1950 congressional elections; but if a good organization is set up this year, it will pay off in 1952 as well.

One of the most serious criticisms of the Republican Party is that, in many localities, it is too exclusive, too snooty. G.O.P. strategists confess that is a valid criticism. They have in mind instances where the party machinery is dominated by people who pride themselves in being "good old American stock," people who think alike, talk alike, and aim most of their oratory at those who already agree with them. There is really nothing wrong about this except that it doesn't win elections.

Efforts are being made now to "broaden the base" of the party. This means bringing in representatives of various nationality groups, especially Poles, Hungarians, Czechs and others who came from countries behind the Iron Curtain, or who are the descendants of such people. Their votes often mean the difference between victory and defeat in an election.

A drive is being made, too, to enlist young voters in the Republican Party. The drift of young people into the Democratic Party has been of such proportions as to alarm those who are directing the destinies of the G.O.P. Sen. Irving Ives of New York recently called attention to a poll showing that two out of every three new voters outside of the South were in the Democratic Party. He warned that something had to be done "if we are to keep the Republican Party from succumbing to the fate of the Whigs and the Federalists."

Organized labor is another missionary field. Chairman Gabrielson and his lieutenants refuse to accept the thesis that men and women who work with their hands won't vote Republican. They have begun a campaign to acquaint the rank and file of labor with what they regard as the truth about the Taft-Hartley Act. They are convinced that the argument about its being a "slave law" is losing force among the workers.

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Is the Republican National Committee getting anywhere with these efforts? That question will be easier to answer after the voting in November.

However, Chairman Gabrielson takes hope from what already has happened in his home state of New Jersey. That state is one of the bright areas on the political map, from a Republican standpoint. It gave Gov. Thomas E. Dewey a handsome majority in the presidential race in '48; both of its United States senators are Republicans, and nine of





its 14 representatives; and its Republican Governor, Alfred E. Driscoll, last year was elected for a second term.

A man who had considerable to do with building up the Republican organization in New Jersey is Albert B. ("Ab") Hermann. He first appeared on the political scene there in 1931, when he organized the Young Republican groups. Over the years, he has managed the campaigns of several candidates for the U. S. Senate, and has won a reputation for being a high-powered political engineer.

One of Gabrielson's first acts, after he was elected chairman last summer, was to hire Ab Hermann as executive director of the Republican National Committee. It is he who is now the mainspring in the drive to make the party inclusive, rather than exclusive, and to woo young voters and organized labor.

Hermann appears to be sold on the idea that the Republican Party can make headway in the ranks of organized labor, and for supporting evidence he points to the situation in New Jersey. A check-up there in 1948 showed that, of 7,400 Republican county chairmen, some 1,800 were union card holders.

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Gabrielson faced a tough job when he took over the chairmanship. The Republican Party, as represented by the national committee, was split wide open. The men and women who voted him into the chairmanship were largely admirers of Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio; or, to put it another way, committeemen and committeewomen who were angry with Governor Dewey and aroused over the way the 1948 campaign was conducted.

Not the least of his worries was the condition of the party treasury. The money was disappearing at an alarming rate. James S. Kemper, Chicago insurance company president, quit as treasurer in November, and disclosed that G.O.P. reserve funds had fallen from $832,000 in 1948 to only $90,000. The outlook now is better. R. Douglas Stuart, also of Chicago, who succeeded Kemper, announced in May that contributions for the first three months of this year exceeded those for the previous five quarters.

Gabrielson's aim is "an army of militant party workers at the precinct level." To that end, a school of politics has been set up at national headquarters. Already it has trained 120 volunteer workers. Now the school has been "taken on the road." Experts in political organization, traveling in groups of three, are moving about the country helping state and county organizations train precinct workers.

They tell this story at headquarters to emphasize the importance of organization.

When the returns were in from Logan County, Ohio, it was found that Truman had received only about 200 votes more than Roosevelt received in 1944. Dewey, to nearly everybody's astonishment, had received fewer votes than he got in 1944—about 1,700 fewer.

Multiply this by six or seven counties, and you have the answer to what happened in Ohio, for Truman barely carried the state, winning by only 7,000 votes.

If Truman had polled a substantially larger vote than Roosevelt, there wouldn't be much to argue about. However, since he got almost the same vote, and since Dewey's vote fell off sharply, it was clear that a good many Republican farmers just stayed home. Why? Had Dewey failed to inspire them? Or did they, like a lot of Republican business men in the cities, figure that it was "in the bag" and that their votes wouldn't be needed?

Actually, it didn't make much difference. The professionals at national headquarters only bring it up to point a warning, and to underline the wisdom of "running scared." Had the party been on the job, they say, and had there been enough militant precinct workers to get voters to the polls, the outcome might have been different.

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Speaking of Governor Dewey, he is talking much more bluntly these days than he did in '48. He has been giving the Republicans some harsh truths about themselves, and not altogether sparing himself, either. In a lecture at Princeton, for example, he called attention to laziness in the G.O.P. Party conflict, he said, goes on day by day; it is a never-ending contest in which the two great parties try to capture the public imagination, capitalize on their own achievements, and exploit the failures of the other side.

"In this party warfare," Dewey said, "it seems to me that Democrats generally work harder at the daily business of politics than Republicans. They are more reckless in their charges, their claims and their promises—and they are more effective in dramatizing their case.

"The Republicans work much harder at the exacting business of government. But we are weak in dramatizing political issues, in party management and in the day-to-day business of politics. Everybody wants to decide party policy, but very few want to canvass the voters, man the polls or learn the hard business of party management."

That is what the present drive of the Republican National Committee is all about, to persuade men and women to get down out of the ivory tower and onto the battlefield where political fights are won or lost.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



Europe is going US!

A gothic gabled castle in the Vosges Mountains has no gas or central heating, and a ghost older than Columbus... but only 600 yards away is a gas station with 1950 neon lights, selling standard and high test Esso, Atlas tires and batteries. The village kids chew American bubble gum, the corner grocer sells Coca Cola, US face creams and tooth paste, the inn keeper has just bought a domestic refrigerator, and a house nearby has a Singer Sewing poster.

In the shadow of the Savoia-Majestic hotel in Genoa, Italy, the pharmacy has a significant stack of Kleenex boxes... Belgian tailors are showing California casuals... Vienna and Zurich's most discussed new play is Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" and in Paris capacity crowds jam Tennessee Williams' "*A Tramway Nommé Désire*" and "*Annie du Far West.*"

Where a few years ago unemployed were hanging around street corners listening to red agitators... today the US commercial column is pushing back the communist column... with American model supermarkets and ten cent stores, hot dog and hamburger stands, cafeterias, launderettes, and Los Angeles beach wear... Americanizing Europe at an ever increasing tempo.

Coca Cola and bubble gum may yet be more effective than atom bombs. Every business man should read...

"The Corner Store Goes Abroad"

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

in ***Nation's Business*** *for August*

"Cowfeterias"... Banker Paul Mazur stacked two Quonsets, built revolutionary cow self feeder, saved $1.50 per hour cost of a two footed man feeding four footed animals... "The 'Retreat' that Led an Advance" by R. Josephs & O. Schisgall.

Fortune's frontier... The Northwest of US & Canada with 2,000,000 sq. miles, fewer than 7 million people, is a vast unexplored opportunity ..."Our Forgotten Frontier in the Northwest" by Sidney Morrell.

Burning idea...Setting fire to coal underground and selling the gas is one of big ideas developed for business by SRI engineers... "Southern Research Institute" by O. K. Armstrong.

Hitsmith... In 15 years Richard Rodgers wrote music for 27 musicals, with 23 successful... "Broadway's Miracle Man" by Allen Churchill.

Canine character...Making a dog's personality over to his master's taste shortened the span of Loutit's Keith... See "Kindness Can Kill" by Harold Titus.

And a dozen other timely articles and features for the business man in the August issue.





"DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG, OFFICER?"

YES, Mary, you just broke a traffic law. And Jimmy, you can help her by carefully explaining the "rules of the road."

It's never too early to develop good driving habits, because driving a car is a serious responsibility. *Cooperate with your friend, the Traffic Officer* . . . he has dedicated his career to your safety.

Heed road signs and signals. Drive only at reasonable speeds, slower after dark. Keep in your own lane. Don't insist on "right-of-way." Pass only when you have clear vision ahead. Don't mix driving and drinking. Stay well behind the vehicle in front of you. Have your car inspected regularly and keep it in top condition.

And for complete *automobile insurance* at low net cost, insure with a sound, reliable, nationwide organization such as Hardware Mutuals.

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To find out more about Hardware Mutuals Automobile Insurance, *Call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25,* and say you'd like the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative. You'll find him friendly, capable and anxious to help you!

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Love Comes to the Soft Coal Fields

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

A WILD and passionate love affair is blazing today where once there was only hatred, contempt and even bloodshed. The United Mine Workers and the American coal operators are in love and there is little one won't do for the other.

What were once "speed-up" practices in the eyes of the UMW are now, in those same eyes, "modern mining with an accent on safety."

The UMW district representatives who once spread apoplexy among the mine owners are now, in the words of surviving tycoons, "skilled labor negotiators blessed with fairness and logic."

This exotic marriage between the Hatfields and the McCoys of American industry is a very new thing. But it is an enduring thing. This grande passion blossomed only last year under the importation of 234,000,000 barrels of oil. Of this 78,000,000 barrels were residual oil, until recently a waste product. Another 78,000,000 barrels accrued when the imported crude was cracked down. That left 156,000,000 barrels of the neatest little substitute for coal you, or the public utilities, ever saw. Right off the public utilities grabbed more than 100,000,000 barrels and the coal companies were thereby short 25,000,000 tons of business. Coal suffered minor, but painful, losses among others who switched to residual oil.

This junk of the oil industry is known as bunker C oil. Venezuela is the chief producer and until very recently the garbage was used to slaughter Caribbean fishes. Very bluntly, residual oil is considerably cheaper per dollar under the boilers of eastern utilities than is bituminous coal. Bituminous, or soft coal, is roughly 90 per cent of the coal industry. The men who dig this 90 per cent, as well as the men who peddle it, were frightened in 1949. Now they have rushed into each other's arms for solace and protection because at the current rate there will be twice as much residual oil imported in 1950 and twice as great a loss of business (if they are lucky) for the coal people.

The coal industry looks upon the public utilities as customers for roughly one fourth of the bituminous output. Setting 400,000,000 tons as a healthy, if not lush, sale per year, the utilities should burn up at least 100,000,000 tons. This year approximately 414,000,000 tons of soft coal will be sold and the operators know they won't sell more than 75,000,000 tons to the utilities.

The utilities, like all big users of energy, do not buy their fuel by the ton, the barrel or the cubic foot. They buy it by the BTU (British Thermal Unit) and thus bargain to get the most heat per dollar. The latest available figures show residual oil selling for 31.4 cents per 1,000,000 BTU's in New York harbor and coal for 31.8 cents. This price varies with geography but the ratio remains the same.

The coal men frankly and sadly admit that oil is easier to handle than coal in addition to being cheaper. They also admit that the day they bring their price down to, say, 25 cents per 1,000,000 BTUs, the oil people promptly will drop their price to 24.6 cents. The reason: The oil men are getting money for the garbage of their industry.

Nobody could afford to produce oil just for public utilities furnaces. But the profit already has been made on other products before the black gold is reduced to bunker C.

The coal operators feel today like a prizefighter being battered to a hulk by "Kid" Oil who belts them silly for three rounds and then rests for one round while his brother, "Kid" Natural Gas, comes out to continue the carnage. Natural gas is cheaper even than oil. But it is not produced in sufficient quantity for year 'round use by the utilities.

However, when the use of gas in the home declines in the summer, the gas continues flowing. Rather than turn it loose, the producers dump it at bargain rates to the public utilities. So the coal man realizes that, if oil doesn't get him, gas must.

Practically every public utilities boiler is equipped

THREATENED on three sides, miners and owners are getting together for the first time in their lives. Survival, both sides know, depends on their ability to convince others that only through mutual cooperation can the nation be assured of meeting a future emergency without grave danger

to burn coal, oil, or gas. So the ancient coal industry has no ally in the cost of conversion. And it can thank its own strikes for that.

The full realization of the residual oil problem is less than a year old among coal men. They became intrigued in the spring of 1949; worried in the summer; lapsed into a state of shock last winter and have remained therein as the coal sales fell and the oil flowed in.

The management end of the coal industry, like most management, is composed of hardheaded business men. So, to a man, they admit that, were they lucky enough to be public utility officials, they, too, would use oil or gas before coal. But when it comes to railroads these same coal mining realists lose all their aplomb and become both emotional and somewhat vulgar.

"What," they scream, "in hell is the matter with the men who run the railroads? In most cases coal shipping is the only profit-making enterprise on a railroad. The coal industry is the very heart and soul of the American railroads. Half the price of every ton of coal goes to a railroad. When a railroad converts to diesel power it is biting the hand that feeds it. Biting it right up to the jugular vein."

THE continued heavy use of soft coal by industry is a must if the bituminous operators and miners are to remain on their jobs. With other available fuels making inroads in coal use, fear is rampant that the country's economic health cannot long stay at its peak

In 1946 the railroads used 111,000,000 tons of soft coal; 113,000,000 in 1947; 101,000,000 in 1948; and 68,000,000 in 1949. The hopeful prediction for 1950 is 50,000,000. Although most of this decline can be traced to dieselization, the coal operators go berserk when they think of a couple of western railroads which used—guess what—Venezuelan residual oil to run their engines.

Fairmont, W.Va., is a coal town. It sits beside the Monongahela River and atop a portion of the richest mineral deposit in the world, the Pittsburgh seam of bituminous coal. The best description of what coal means to Fairmont can be found in the intelligence that the railroads bring to Fairmont each day one passenger car (not train) and drag from the town an equal number. But more than 3,500 cars of coal are hauled out of Fairmont each day.

Fairmont is typical. Actually there are no longer any mines operating under Fairmont but the area around the town is called the Fairmont field. The field is 50 miles long by 20 miles wide. There are captive mines in the area. The massive Consolidation Company operates seven mines. There are strong independent mines and there are enough small fly-by-night operations, small lease operations, and small bootleg operations to make the area typical of the industry. Fairmont is frightened. And fighting.

This fight is being led by the union and management but the rank and file of the union, the men who go four miles into the ground to blast out coal, know all about bunker C residual oil and its threat to their livelihood. How do they know? Because the owners walked into the union halls and told the boys just what was cooking the steam under utilities' boilers. To the astonishment of the operators the workers had invited them to their halls. To the far greater astonishment of the entrepreneurs the union men listened quietly and applauded sincerely.

It works both ways. I sat in an auditorium in the University of West Virginia at Morgantown and heard Dr. Charles Potter, one time Solid Fuels Administrator and today an acknowledged leader in the industry. Dr. Potter was speaking to a meeting of coal operators and he sang the saddest song I have heard this side of a football coach's report to the press the day before the big game. I will get to the verse and chorus of Dr. Potter's wail shortly. But the important thing was that sitting among the men who own the mines (as well as own the University of West Virginia) were men who had been digging coal that very afternoon.

I don't know how many miners were present because miners dress like mine owners. But two joined in the questioning. I never dug a pound of coal or sold an ounce but I know an intelligent question when I hear one. The stupidest, most pointless questions were asked by one miner. The smartest and most pointed by the other.

Dr. Potter reviewed the dumping of residual oil on the East Coast and estimated it would replace 75,000,000 tons of coal business by summer. This figure is even grimmer than the grim figures of the National Coal Association. The listening operators translated that into $375,000,000 revenue and were sad. The miners translated it into 75,000 layoffs and were sad. Potter then pointed out that, when summer comes, natural gas will hurt the market. And he discussed still a third foe of the coal industry: government-owned hydroelectric power. Rather bitterly the doctor pointed out that gas, oil, and hydroelectricity in themselves could not survive were it not for coal. Oil must be transported over long stretches of water; gas is in short supply except in the summer; hydroelectricity depends on rain and snow, two highly unstable items as New York City now knows. It is the comforting assurance that coal always is around that makes it possible for the utilities to risk the purchase of cheaper fuels.

Dr. Potter's second approach also was highly emotional, but unfortunately it is completely acceptable in this day and age. He shifted to war. If war comes, oil cannot be moved in quantity across vast water stretches. Even now gas and hydroelectricity are inadequate. So, if war comes, Uncle Sam must depend on coal.

"If the coal industry is ruined before war comes," said the doctor, "when the people of the United States call on us they will find we are no longer around. You just can't open a coal mine like a gas station."

The doctor then reviewed the earnings of the major oil companies in the United States and suggested they could do nicely without dumping their waste matter on the coal market. He said he wanted either tariff or subsidy. This last sent a chill down

(Continued on page 76)



Albert Wood and five sons have turned diverse talents to gracious living

Where Work is a Pleasure

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

IF IN your particular business you, too, have had to fall into the methods of this frenzied century—straining to achieve greater production, whipping your imagination for ways to increase sales volume, seizing on any idea that'll speed up the output of your employes—hold on a moment, will you? What's the rush? Take a breather and consider the firm of Albert Wood and Five Sons of Port Washington, Long Island. You're in for a surprise.

It's a revelation to drop in at their modest white plant, as neat and unassuming as any small industrial structure you're apt to find. You'll walk into a quiet reception chamber, pleasant as the living room of a suburban home. Albert Wood long has maintained that in his office, where he spends at least eight hours a day, a man is entitled to enjoy the grace and charm of civilized living; and Wood puts the theory into practice. No secretaries hurry you. There isn't a business machine in sight. Soft draperies frame the windows, and the windows themselves frame views of Port Washington's old harbor, full of the rigging of sailing vessels. A few good paintings hang on the walls—all, by the way,

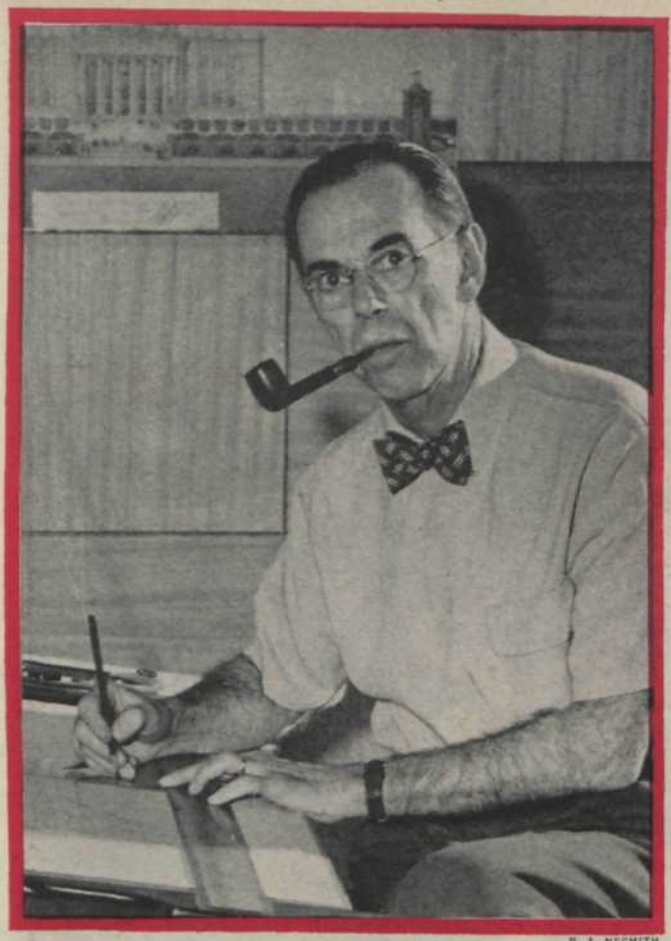
UNHURRIED craftsmanship has shown not only a leisurely way to work but also a more pleasant way to live

are the works of Paul Wood, one of the five sons.

In this home-like atmosphere—with a highball in one hand and a cigarette in the other—you'll sit, as I did, and hear Albert Wood tell the astonishing story of a firm that deliberately turned its back on the assembly lines of mass production; a firm that built its success on the simple theory that a good craftsman has better taste than a machine—and that people are still willing to pay for good taste.

Don't try to hurry Albert Wood. You can't. This slim, gray-haired, affable gentleman who comes to work in a sports jacket and slacks simply *won't* be rushed.

"I had my fill of that in the old days," he says. "As head of my own architectural firm in Detroit I used to have a dozen enterprises going at the same



R. I. NESMITH

Albert Wood, father, is head of the firm

time. Some of them were 1,000 miles apart. I dashed from one to the other: The Henry Ford Hospital in Dearborn; the Hotel Vancouver in Canada, which the Canadian Pacific Railroad was building; the Meinke Theater in Detroit; the Nyden Park housing project in Denver. . . . Oh, yes, I had my years of rushing about. But this—" He indicates the quiet room with an easy wave of his pipe. "This is better!"

And what does he do with his sons in this leisurely suburban workshop? You can pick up a leaflet which tells you the family are "Interior Designers, Architects, Craftsmen." But that isn't the answer to the question.

The real answer is as improbable as the name of the firm. On order, the Woods will produce a ten inch teakwood cigar box, beautifully wrought and polished, or a complete ten-acre factory. The pictures on the walls of their studio give equal prominence to both. For example, the photograph of a chair recently designed shares one wall on equal terms with a picture of the Newsday plant, a modern newspaper publishing establishment, including railroad spur and surrounding gardens, which the Woods designed and built in Garden City, Long Island.

Between such production extremes they have filled all kinds of custom-built orders, no two ever alike. They have designed and furnished the United Nations offices of Trygve Lie. They've done interiors —building their own furniture in every case—for Du Mont Television, United Aircraft, Sperry Gyroscope, Lord & Taylor, Stromberg-Carlson, and scores of other industrial outfits. Turning from these, they've done church interiors where elaborate pulpits demanded the skill of expert wood carvers. And, with equal enthusiasm, they've focused their combined talents on producing an exquisitely fashioned chest to hold the trophies of the late Amelia Earhart.

The head of this unorthodox enterprise, Albert Wood, insists he is first of all an architect. "My father was an architect, too; and though I was born in New York, he took me to Boston, where I followed in his steps." For that matter, Moyer Wood—the oldest of the five sons, now 36—is also an architect. Gardner, however, is a sculptor. Paul is a painter—and had scheduled a one-man exhibition in a New York art gallery. Francis, an authority on woods, is the "finisher" of every piece that leaves the building. Bertram, man-of-all-skills, has the peculiar knack of being able to pitch in expertly on any task with any of his four brothers.

(Incidentally, there also are two daughters in the family. One was an actress until the obligations of motherhood drew her home from the stage. The second, though still in school, is planning soon to join her father and five brothers in the Port Washington plant. She designs textiles!)

I couldn't help asking the father of this talented brood, "How on earth does one go about bringing up children to become sculptors, painters, wood experts, architects, and so on? Is there some secret process of breeding? Did you *plan* it this way?"



R. I. NESMITH

Paul, the painter, conducts an art class

Albert Wood smiled and said, "It's quite a story."

He was right.

In the first place, his five sons were born in such rapid succession that the oldest was hardly seven when the youngest arrived. So they grew up as contemporaries. These six Wood males, including the father, always have been a close-knit unit. Though most of the boys now are married, they still live near one another, and on week ends you find them battling one another on Port Washington tennis courts. Tennis is a family tradition, and for all his 60 odd years the father of the clan still holds his own in their matches. When they toss for partners, it's the winner, not the loser, who gets Albert Wood.

Some 20 years ago, when the boys began to grow into their teens, Wood was at the height of his success as an architect. Living in Michigan, he had just built the Henry Ford Hospital. He had also designed

Ford's glass-partitioned offices. In fact, Henry Ford was not only his client but his friend. And Wood was, by all standards, a rich man.

Paradoxically, however, this wealth worried Mrs. Wood. Would her boys grow up merely as a rich man's sons? Having a practical Pennsylvania Dutch background, she warned, "If they never work for their living, they'll never *enjoy* living."

Albert Wood could readily understand this. He, himself, came from a long line of New England craftsmen; men who had produced things with their own hands.

So he and his wife reached a two-pronged decision: 1, The five sons must immediately be trained to work for at least a part of their living; 2, The training should be in some area of craftsmanship, some methods of creating things for themselves—"on the theory that if you cut your own wood it will warm you twice."

There was a guest house, seldom used, on the grounds of their Michigan home. Albert Wood converted it into a workshop.

"Almost instantly," he said, "the place teemed with a confusion of boys, books, tools, arts-and-crafts magazines, wood, leather, clay, metal, materials for weaving. And out of this chaos there emerged, eventually, a definite preference for wood carving and cabinetmaking. The boys first turned out tables and bookshelves, then progressed into more elaborate pieces—desks, chests, dining room groups. I proclaimed only one taboo: there were to be no *copies*. Every piece had to be original."

At the end of a year the Woods' workshop, in spite of its amateur standing, had produced quite a few finished pieces. But were they good? Would other people like them as well as did mother and dad? There was only one way to find out. The five young artisans loaded their pony cart with their products and set out on a selling tour. They went from house to house, a company of teen-age peddlers.

"Whether it was the wistful-eyed pony, the eager young salesmen, or the furniture itself which had the most appeal, I'll never know," Albert Wood said. "The fact is, however, that they did sell a good deal of what they'd made. After that there was no stop-



R. I. NESMITH

Gardner chiseling out a wooden hand

ping them. They continued their hobby—and their training—all through their school years. Even when Gardner turned to sculpture and Paul to painting, they always found time for the workshop. Just as they combine both today. And that, in the long run, was what saved our family from disaster."

For disaster struck the Woods, as it struck many another American family, in the crash that ushered in the fateful '30's. Albert Wood was wiped out. He'd put his wealth into securities that were suddenly worthless. He lost everything, including the Michigan home. The oldest boy, Moyer, had to leave college for lack of funds.

"Nobody was building anything in those days," Wood said, "and I could see that my architectural practice was going to be dead for a long, long time. There we were—without a home or funds—and with five boys and two girls to feed. We still had an old car, but not much of anything else—except the tools in the workshop.

"I think the same idea simultaneously hit the whole family: perhaps we could put our woodworking hobby to profit. But how? And where? Frankly, I didn't like the prospect of setting up a poor man's

(Continued on page 60)



R. I. NESMITH

Moyer, architect, with Gardner, sculptor

How Bold Can We Get?

By GREER WILLIAMS



THE present $35,000,000 Point 4 program is a "mouse" say enthusiasts who feel that spending $520,000,000,000 over 50 years is about right

WHEN Congress provided $35,000,000 recently to implement President Truman's Point 4 program for technical aid to backward countries, a square-jawed, muscular Washington economist named Dr. Dewey Anderson gazed on the legislation through highly refracted glasses, then pronounced it "a mouse."

No mouse himself, Dr. Anderson comes of good empire-building stock. His grandfather was a Norwegian sea captain who sailed Cape Horn a century ago. His rock-fisted father homesteaded in Dakota territory and ran a steamboat line on the Red River of the North until railroad building drove him to seek a more luxuriant pasture in California.

The Ph.D. doctor can throw a diamond hitch on a pack horse, stay all day on a mountain trail, hold a mule deer in his gun sights or drive a yapping dog team, and has done so, anywhere from the High Sierras to Skagway.

Yet, as $12,000 a year director of the Public Affairs Institute, a sort of poor man's Brookings Institution two blocks from Capitol Hill, he is a fair candidate for a portrait of a welfare stater. More accurately, perhaps, he should be typed as a new breed of welfare worlder.

Recently, you see, he has taken to leaping nimbly from one billion-dollar peak to another, at altitudes which make tenderfoot Fair Dealers gasp and feel for the ground. In short, Anderson and various liberal collaborators would like the technical aid, which became a part of the Administration's "single-package" foreign-aid legislation, to be a little bigger and bolder.

They want to amend the technical-aid portion for a trial run on a 50 year, $520,000,000,000 investment program. "Give or take a billion," Anderson occasionally adds, to indicate that this is just a horseback figure. About half of that sum, or $260,000,000,000, would represent the American stake in this dynamic, dollar-filled dream of doubling—by the year 2000—the worldly goods and income of around 2,000,000,000 persons populating two thirds of the earth.

Himself a back-fence adviser and friend of senators and representatives, Anderson associates himself with liberals who get things done, or did so in New Deal days. The sponsors of the Public Affairs Institute, for example, include James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union; Chester Bowles, former OPA administrator and now governor of Connecticut; Thurman Arnold, former Assistant Attorney General and trust-buster, now a Washington attorney; Abe Fortas, former Undersecretary of the Interior, now an Arnold law partner, and Morris L. Cooke, first Rural Electrification administrator and now head of the President's Commission on Water Resources.

Anderson was happy to see House Foreign Affairs Chairman John Kee (Dem., W. Va.) scratch out State Department control when he introduced the legislation, drafted by Assistant Secretary of State Willard Thorp. But where, Anderson wanted to know, was Harry Truman's promise of full support to lesser nations in their fight against communist subversion? Under the much talked about Point 4 of his inauguration address, the President said:

> We must embark on a bold, new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas. . . . Our aim should be to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to produce more. . . .

Here was an idea capable—for at least two reasons—of capturing American imagination, and it has, as a matter of fact, received enthusiastic attention from labor, farm, university, church, missionary and world peace groups.

We are, in the first place, constitutionally a self-made, mind-our-own-business kind of people with no disposition for wars of nerves. We like positive, optimistic action, and would welcome a cure for the spreading, paralyzing multiple sclerosis known as communism.

We are, secondly, a nation of builders and fixers, believing in the power of tools and machines, plus wise capital investment, to earn people a good living. As we judged

The world would lose its backward areas if Dr. Dewey Anderson got his way—and the hard cash


UDAP

from friendly Russian soldiers, who would pay anything for a GI's wrist watch (and now from the French, who seem to be after our Coca-Cola machines), modern plumbing and soda fountains speak louder than the rag-tag Marxist promise of a better world —as soon as all dissenters have been shot.

Catching the spirit of the thing, and figuring something will have to replace the Economic Recovery Program when it expires in 1952, Anderson and fellow ten-figure thinkers smoked their pipes and dreamed of UDAP, as the underdeveloped areas program probably will be called.

THEIR plan is reviewed here more in wonderment than in either praise or condemnation. Irrespective of party labels, most of us realize that the Soviet squeeze-play on freedom, as Americans know it, is not a headline fiction but a problem involving the survival time of the clerk in the drugstore and the hardware merchant down the street.

The plan is spelled out in the Public Affairs Institute's "Bold New Program Series" of eight pamphlets, financed largely by a $40,000 grant from the Foundation for World Government, of which Robert Maynard Hutchins, University of Chicago chancellor, is a guiding spirit. The series ranges, for example, from "Engineers of World Plenty" to "Where is the Money Coming From?"

The former, by a left-looking writer, James Rorty, tells various stories of technicians already at work in UDA-land, mainly for the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization and World Health Organization. In Rangoon, a Manitoba wheat farmer fights the rice stem borer. Elsewhere in the Orient, a Dutch veterinarian is licking rinderpest, a disease which brings the farmer's work buffalo stumbling and drooling to its knees. This is the kind of good-neighbor talk we understand.

Outlining the program in the first pamphlet of the series, Anderson joins hands with Stephen Raushenbush, an economist, who was chief investigator in the 1934-36 Senate munitions inquiry and later an official in the Department of Interior's bituminous coal and power divisions. "A program of this magnitude," they say, "can easily eclipse any other event of historical importance that might take place in this century—let alone an atomic war."

It could, indeed, if their dream came true, eclipse any economic event of the past 150 years with the possible exception of the Industrial Revolution itself. Dreamers and doers such as James J. Hill, the railroad builder; McCormick, with his reaper; Edison, with his light bulb; Ford, with his Model T, and Morgan, with his moneybags, would take a back seat.

"This is a plan," explained Anderson, "for changing the face of the world with something better than the hydrogen bomb."

For mechanical-minded Americans, it is a pleasure to speculate on what industrial democracy could do for primitive people who never have known a breakfast of bacon and eggs or the luxury of grease on their hands. The plight of the poor heathen, despite its ludicrous contrasts with life in America, however, has few pleasant overtones to American missionaries who have struggled to make a dent in the hunger, misery and filth fostered by exploitation of subject peoples.

THE Bold New Program, in its simplest dimension, proposes to send ten-man teams into the interior of underdeveloped countries. The teams would be of a construction boss or combat engineer level of training. They would establish work centers, resembling a cross between a blacksmith shop, a county fair demonstration and a vocational training school.

The emphasis in the beginning would be on simple things, the kind of handicraft American technology knew 100 years ago—forging and welding; mixing concrete and making drainage tile; digging wells and building sanitary privies; storing and canning food; building the baby a crib. It would be a work-and-learn enterprise.

As physical health, technical skills and productivity improved, native workers would be drawn into regional co-ops and more complex soil conservation-utilization and machine-shop activities. That's the nub of the plan really —a shop and a co-op for people whose present per capita income is from $50 to $100 a year (U.S.A.: $1,400).

Anderson, the machine-age missionary, would like to see 200 of these teams go out and set up 200 work centers in a five-year "get-going" period. All told, he and Raushenbush figure a capital investment per center of $1,500,000 for plant and equipment and another $1,500,000 or so for operating expenses.

They estimate that each team would cost $100,000 a year in $10,000 salaries. They allow another $100,000 or $5,000 each, for a "second team" of 20 local employes—machinists, plumbers, electricians and the like. They add another $500,000, or $500 each, for 1,000 trainees coming in from miles around on scholarships.

ONE of the Bold New Program authors rates all this "a little high." And the average business man, who has some difficulty keeping five figures ahead of bankruptcy, will gaze on this capitalization and overhead and then clutch the edge of his desk. Why must the prophets of plenty always be so plentiful with other people's money?

After all, the average American manufacturing plant has an annual payroll of only $160,000 for 60 white collar and production workers.

But the work centers are not the whole story. This is "not giveaway stuff," claims Anderson, but a system of international loans, with an expectation of a return on the investment. Indeed, the economist professes a deep admiration for our capitalistic profit system—"it has ginger in it"—and for our general aversion to pouring liquid assets down ratholes.

UDA-land is expected to pay us back for our proposed half interest in the show, first in goods but eventually in hard cash.

To remove the curse of "Yankee imperialism" and "foreign devil" despoliation, the Bold New Program leaders hope the United Nations can and will administer it, in cooperation with the International Bank and the Export-Import Bank, both United States institutions. Here is how Anderson visualizes the financing:

"Say, Commie China asks for a $2,000,000,000 loan. It goes to the International Bank, and the bank sends in its specialists to make a survey. They report back, and recommend a $1,000,000,000 loan for specific projects.

"The Bank wants periodic reports, and asks the UN Economic Section to police the operation of the loan, checking raw data and making on-the-spot checks. The Bank may find it has to put in its own experts in some cases to keep the loan from going sour. Banks do this regularly."

Does this hypothetical example mean the Bold New Program would be so bold as to reach behind the

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Do your banking often, preferably accompanied by an escort

The YEGG and YOU

By RICHARD L. HOLCOMB

TREAT a stick-up man as you would a good customer and you'll live longer

ANYONE who possesses anything of value may be held up. Every metropolitan newspaper carries daily the story about some holdup involving only two or three dollars. Because your business has only a few hundred dollars in the till doesn't mean no one will pick you for his victim. As a matter of fact, you are just the setup which a punk kid, a nut, or a criminal needing quick cash will choose. These amateur or desperate bandits will pick a small place of business rather than a bank or a department store because, although the profit is smaller, so is the risk to them. Actually, your risk is greater when you are held up by the armed robbers who specialize in small businesses. These fellows often let their guns do their planning. They go into a holdup with little or no preparation, made confident by their arms. They think they can shoot their way out if anything goes wrong.

The criminals who specialize in the big jobs plan ahead carefully. They want to avoid shooting. They want things to go smoothly, attract no attention that forces them to harm someone, making their crime the more serious. It is the amateur who is most dangerous and, unfortunately, the criminal whom many business men encounter.

Figures show that crimes of all sorts are on the increase. No one can predict this rate of increase. No one can determine the circumstances under which your chances of being held up will increase, but there are a number of things you can do to cut your personal risk and to reduce your loss if you are held up.

Remember, first, that your life, or the life of any of your employes, is worth much more than any amount of money you may lose in a holdup. Take no risks. You can

always get robbery insurance, but even the biggest wad of bills won't plug up your smallest bullet hole.

If, in the event of a holdup, you forget everything else, remember to do exactly what the criminal tells you. Treat him as you would your best customer. Don't make the mistake of moving too fast. He may interpret a quick move of yours as an attempt to take his gun away from him. Don't anticipate his orders. Wait until he tells you what to do. You may only be reaching for an extra $1,000 bill you have hidden, but he may think you are after a gun.

As a matter of fact, if you think you can get away with it, try to stall a little bit. The criminal will not want to stay in your place of business any longer than necessary, and he might leave before he found that money you tucked away in the cigar box.

The holdup man may either toss you a sack, ordering you to fill it up, or he may open your cash register and help himself, particularly if he has an accomplice. If he tells you to fill up his sack, don't do it neatly. Just toss the money in. It will look bulkier that way. Unless he tells you to leave it alone, go ahead and put in the silver out of the cash register. This takes a little time to handle and offers you one safe way to stall him. If he is smart, of course, he won't pay any attention to the silver unless he really needs all the money.

The criminal may tell you to show him where the rest of your money is. If you do have some money hidden, or in a safe, and if you believe he knows this, you might as well give it to him without argument. If you think he is just guessing, it may be safe to tell him that's all the money you have. You will have to decide for yourself at the time which is the wiser course of action.

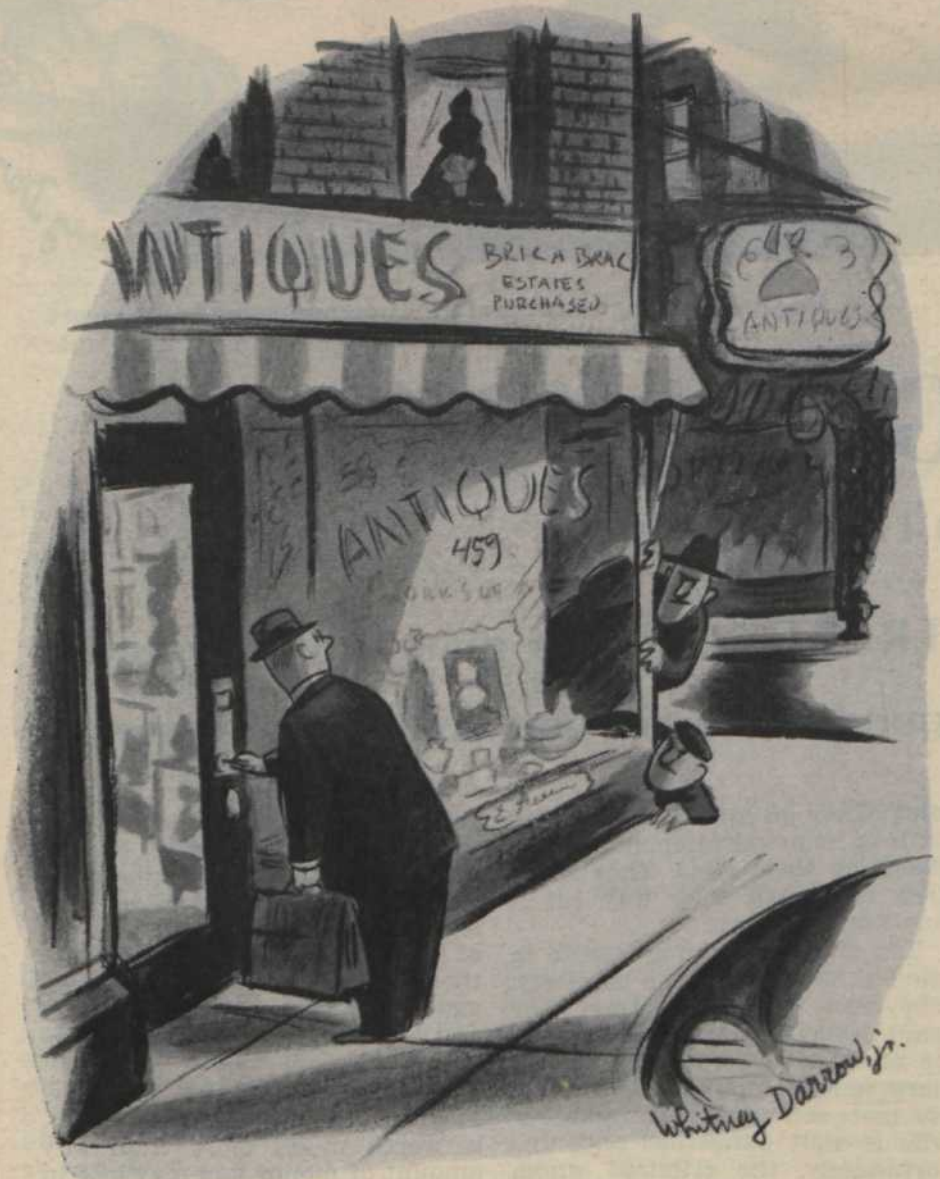
While the holdup is in progress, observe the appearance of the bandit. Don't be too obvious; he won't like it. Try to assemble a good physical description. In working up your description, look for the differences. What makes this man unusual or outstanding? Any peculiarities you spot will be a big help to the police. Look for scars, tattoo markings, missing fingers, peculiarities in gait, the way the head is held, or anything that might enable you to pick this man out later from a police line-up. There may be a thousand men in your town who are 5′ 5″ in height, weigh 170 pounds, and between 30 and 40 years of age, but it is a safe bet only one or two of them will have a cauliflower left ear. Try, of course, to estimate the criminal's weight and height. One good aid in guessing height is by comparison with objects of known height in your place of business. How does his weight compare with your own? How is he dressed? He may be wearing a blue suit, but does it look like the blue suit worn by the president of the chamber of commerce, like the blue suit a college boy wears, or the blue suit worn by the town drunk? It isn't easy to gather a clear impression when someone is poking a gun into your ribs. However, you can develop this ability by practicing on your friends.

When your unwelcome visitors leave, you can really go into action. Don't start looking around to see how much they took. You will find out all too soon anyway. If you can do so with safety, try to see which way they went and how they went. If you can give the police an automobile license number, a major step has been taken toward their apprehension. At least, try to get the direction of escape. If they seem to be escaping

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Obey any instructions that the holdup men may give you



Be especially alert at opening and closing times



Grass Seed is His Business

By BEN JAMES

MILLIONS of homes and golf courses around the country have greener turf because of the ingenuity and resourcefulness of one man

TUCKED AWAY in the mountains of eastern Oregon is a fabulous valley. It is a small valley, only 22 by 30 miles. The towering mountains lock the bottom land in a circular wall done with murals painted by gigantic sweeps of snow and vast blotches of black forest.

In winter, a bitter wind sifts the snow over the flat acres. But, when spring and summer do their chores, turning it first to lush green, then to gold, it becomes the greatest producing area of grass for seed in this country and, so far as is known, the greatest in the world.

Back of that record is an amazing business success story. All the elements are there: individual achievement and reward for the man who made the story; greater income for many other men and the establishment of new business that added greatly to the well-being of a community.

It is essentially the story of Howard Wagner—tall, straight-backed, sixtyish, firm of jaw and fine of feature despite the weather-beaten skin that covers his long head. It was he who sowed the first crop of grass seed in the valley.

He did it only 15 years ago and against all kinds of odds. Wise agronomists warned him that the grass seed crop he had determined to plant would not pay off on his land. Neighbors, satisfied with their wheat, apple and cherry crop bestowed mildly amused smiles on the newcomer and his new crop. Despite this he put in 20 acres of crested wheatgrass for seed, the

first of the many types of grass seed he now grows.

Result. Millions of farms throughout the nation have better feed for cattle and better grass bulwarking the land against erosion. Millions of homes, golf courses, parks and airports have greener turf, and the little community of the Grande Ronde Valley has $4,000,000 a year added to its net income. And Howard Wagner is by no means hard up. An indication that he is not hard up might be deduced from calculations based on the fact that after he paid his last year's income tax on the crop he took from his 968 acres, he had $130,000 left over for himself. And he has made $1,000,000.

A FARM survey shows a shortage of grass and legume seed sufficient for an area larger than Illinois and Indiana combined. In other words, 58,000,000 acres may lie naked to be eroded by wind and water, or weeds may grow where feed for cattle might

When Wagner arrived in Grande Ronde Valley, his total equipment was an obligation to pay $10 an acre for 100 acres of land; an overdue note he owed on his past farm operations in the western part of the state for $17,000; and a conviction that grass seed could be grown in this tight little valley that had caught his eye on a few prior trips through its fat, willing acres.

The valley looked better to Wagner than it had to the first men and women who came through that way. The French and Spanish voyageurs of the Astor fur empire passed by and paused long enough to take in the breath-taking beauty of its amphitheater and exclaim "Grande Ronde" which stuck as its name. The Oregon Trail wound through its passes and across its level bottom, but the settlers bound further west did not pause. It wasn't until the 1860's that the first farm was staked out and the prosperous self-contained valley, which Wagner found in 1930, was established.

Valley farmers did not particularly invite new settlers or new crops when Wagner arrived. Orchards, apples, cherries and wheat had brought in a nice income through the years and, although wheat was then selling for a disastrously low price, new settler Wagner found no welcome. In fact he had a hard time finding a piece of land to try out a crop that would not sell at a low figure by the bushel but at a high price and by the pound.

He spent weeks searching for land to rent and was about to give up when he learned of an old Scotsman who had retired and might let his farm. The intriguing notion of having his land grow a crop that it could be possible to sell by the pound for as high as 60 cents and gross as high as $400 an acre had a definite appeal to the old gentleman. He let 100 acres of his land to Wagner.

The ingenuity and stubborn belief in what he set out to do carried him through the first three rugged years of failure and disappointment in his new valley, drove him on and made his dramatic success. It can be best explained by a look at some of the highlights of the first 45 years he'd lived before he came to the Grande Ronde Valley.

It was a chilly January in upstate New York near Colbrook when Howard Wagner was born on a farm there in 1884. He had little chance to look around the hard terrain. Before he was one year old his family struck out for the west. They pulled up at Grand Island, Nebr., where his father, who knew how to make New York cheddar cheese, took a job with a frontier dairy, where he practiced his craft. Whether business was bad or the elder Wagner wanted to farm, the youngster did not know.

But the family's next move made an everlasting impact on the seven-year-old. His father took a claim in far western Nebraska on the second leg in his western migration with his family. He built a sod hut on the treeless plains. Young Wagner's backyard playground was bounded only by the horizon. Between him and the limits of his world there was only grass. Grass in the form of wheat and rye, and virgin rangeland grass. Above him was the pleasant clear sky too infrequently marred by rain clouds. Here young Wagner learned to know grass and what it took to make it grow.

It took four years for the dry weather to starve out the Wagner family.

But by this time the 11-year-old boy was dreaming of some kind of a heaven where grass grew green and produced seed that would in turn grow more green grass.

True refugees from dry land and primitive farming methods, the Wagner family moved on over the mountains to western Oregon where Howard Wagner spent his adolescence and took the first farm of his own. The family made its final stop in the neighborhood of Corvallis, Ore., where Wagner arrived without stake enough to get a piece of land. There were several years of odd jobs. Cutting firewood was the surest one to keep the brood in flour and meat and shoes. Those were the melancholy days of hard times of the late '90's.

It was during this period that young Wagner set off for himself, married and managed to rent 100 acres which he promptly put into grass. He planted wheat, the traditional crop of the area. Not for seed but for flour he grew his first crop. It was new soil and the first few years it raced along full of youthful vigor. But in those days there was no crop rotation, no cover crops plowed under and no fertilizer or lime, no diversification practices. The land naturally got tired of being mined and it just gave up. Fields shrank from 40 or 50 bushels an acre to 14 or 15. Wagner came slowly to the conclusion that there was no future in wheat for him.

He chose to plant for seed Austrian peas, one of the many varieties of field peas. Although they are not used for human consumption, livestock find them a palatable fare in many parts of the country. Their chief use is as a cover crop plowed under to provide green manure and enrich the soil in rotation with cotton and corn. He picked this crop because it grew rich and green, and as a practical consideration because seed for the crop could not be produced successfully in the areas where it is most in demand.

Wagner's first first in the seed business was his introduction of Austrian peas for seed in western Oregon. He came out very well on

it. Not only are Washington and Oregon today the major source of seed for this crop, but Wagner personally found his place in the seed-producing business. From 1924 to 1929 he increased his holdings to 3,000 acres—got from three to five cents a pound for seed which he was harvesting at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre.

But all the time he had his eye on grass. He tried out, along with his peas, some ryegrass. It was a sideline, but it was grass and inherent in its production were all the sensitive techniques of growing grass seed. Grass seed is notoriously small and ryegrass is indeed small. It runs about 275,000 seeds to the pound and the average seed yields are 600 to 700 pounds an acre. (Note: It sells for about 20 to 40 cents a pound.) Farmers who plant it find it fine for pasturage and city dwellers for lawns. Wagner was on his way into the crop he had always wanted to grow.

Then the storm struck. It hit him with emphatic fury in 1929. It left him with 3,000,000 pounds of Austrian peas and no market for them nor his ryegrass seed either, a debt of $17,000, and a greater determination to grow grass seed.

So loaded he took over the Scotsman's farm in Grande Ronde Valley.

Negotiations for the lease were completed too late for him to put in a crop the first year. The next season he put in his old stand-by, Austrian peas. The aphis, a mean little green bug that likes peas, lustily finished off the first crop for seed grown in the valley. The following season Wagner tried it again. All went well until the night before he was going into the field to harvest. Then a freak wind tore down the valley and blew his seed crop over the mountain. Wagner gave up on Austrian peas.

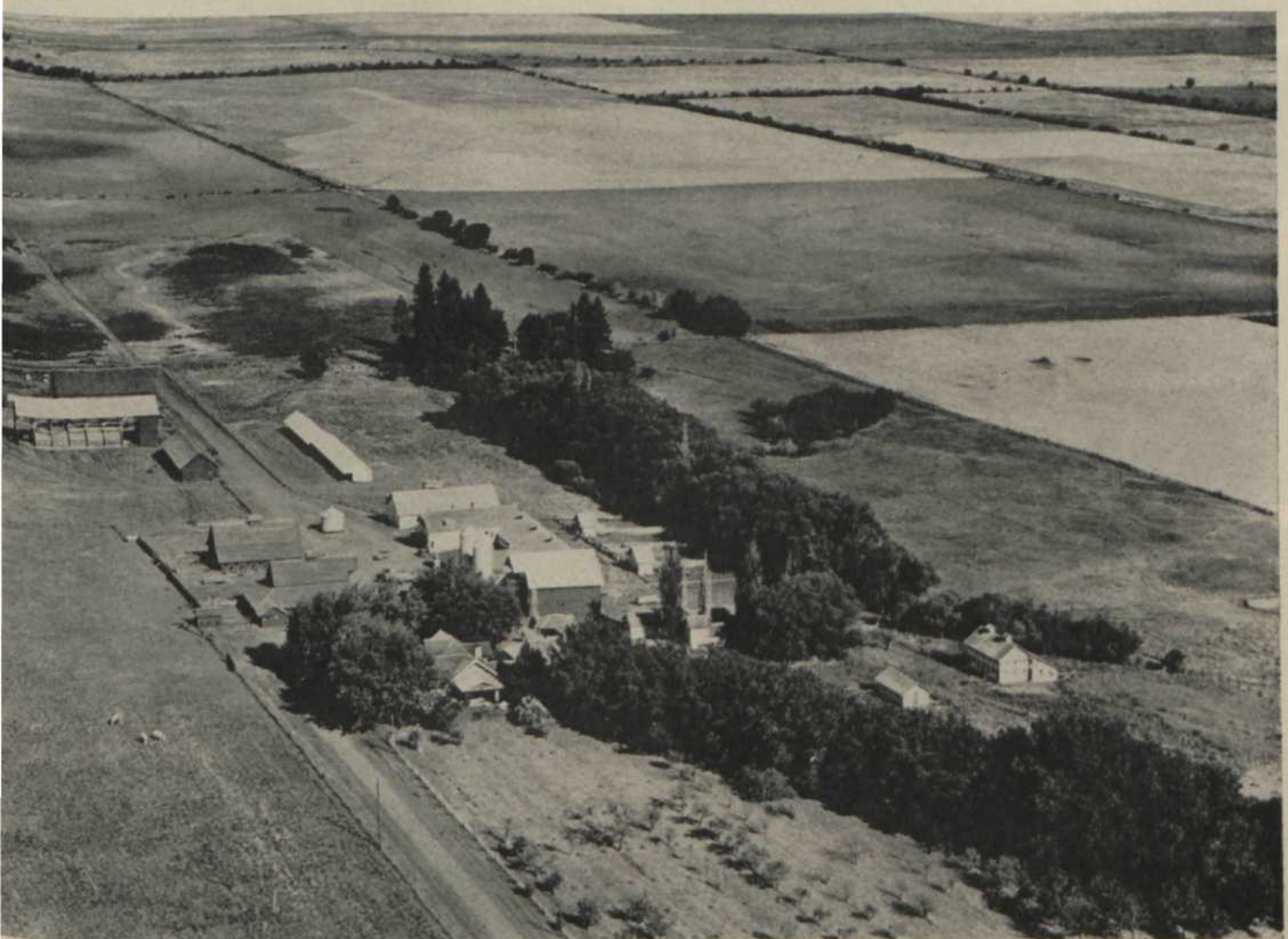
In 1934, with his back against the wall, he undertook to fulfill his life's ambition—to grow grass seed. He had only his experience with ryegrass seed in western Oregon to start on. No grass seed had ever been grown in the Grande Ronde Valley.

Wagner sought advice from local agriculturist specialists and from college professors. One local authority vetoed the grass and recommended sheep. With professorial cautiousness the learned men told him definitely that, since no grass seed had been grown in the region before, it would be foolhardy to try it without some experimental data on which to work.

Howard Wagner listened attentively, then promptly put in 20 acres of grass seed. He planted crested wheatgrass. It was not so much his nerve in going ahead against the scholars' counsel—everyone knew Wagner had nerve—but it was the astounding and revolutionary method of putting in the crop that amazed the experts. He was the first man in the United States to attempt the planting of a seed crop as he did.

He solved a basic problem of the business. Grass for seed must be pure, uncontaminated by cross pollenization from neighboring fields. But the chief hazard is the foreign grass and weed seeds that sprout up alongside the pure stock. They must be eliminated. Before Wagner came grass seed crops had been planted solid, like lawn grass

(Continued on page 62)

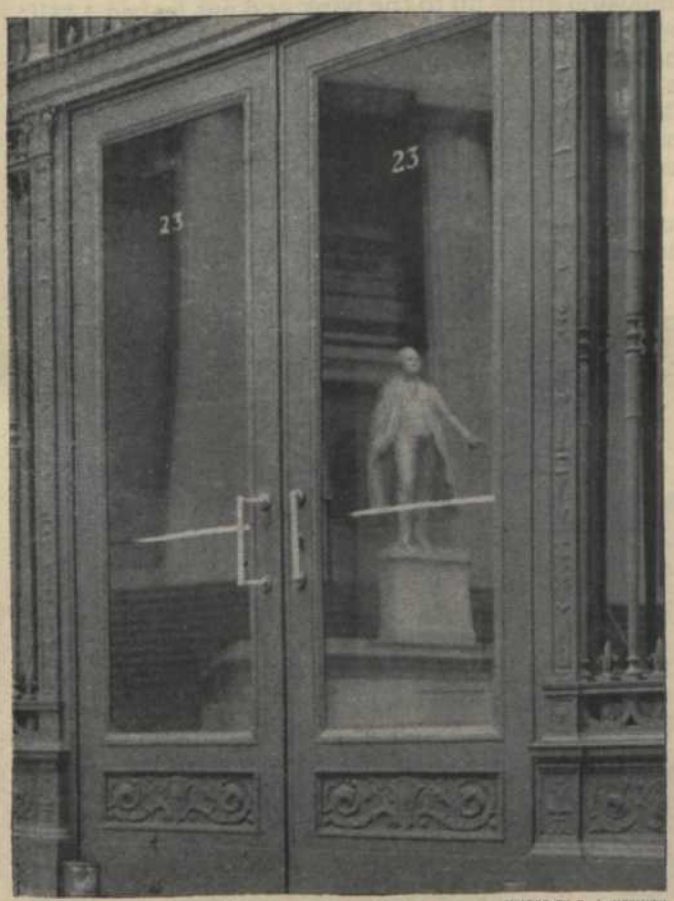


Howard Wagner turned the Grande Ronde Valley into the nation's top grass producing area



Who Banks at MORGAN'S

By ARTHUR BARTLETT



PHOTOS BY R. I. NESMITH

THE FRONT DOORS of one of the country's most legendary financial institutions mirror the statue of George Washington from across the street. Inside its staid board room reflects the spirit and traditions of its founder, J. Pierpont Morgan

ONE DAY a few years ago a rather seedy-looking individual mounted the marble steps at 23 Wall Street, pushed open the massive outer door and shortly came face-to-face with one of the ever-courteous but ever-watchful ex-Marines who guard the portals of the legendary J. P. Morgan & Company, Inc. He wanted to open an account, he told the guard.

"May I take your hat?" the guard asked. (Hanging up a visitor's hat on the big hatrack at the entrance is a ritual at Morgan's.) "Won't you take a seat?" Then he excused himself and went to the desk of a junior officer.

Here was another dubious-looking guy, he told the junior officer, in effect, who said he wanted to open an account.

The officer nodded, slightly bored. He would see the man, of course. Even cranks with delusions of grandeur are not turned away without the full and dignified Morgan treatment. The guard brought the visitor over, saw that he was settled in a chair by the official's desk.

The man introduced himself. And if the junior officer had not been an imperturbable sort of person —the only sort who gets to be a junior officer at Morgan's—his face undoubtedly would have betrayed the start it gave him to discover who this visitor was. He will not be identified here, but suffice it to say that he was a man of considerable weight in the business world. And the check that came out of his pocket—made out as an initial deposit in the new account to be opened—was for $1,000,000.

The incident, in varying detail, has happened many times at Morgan's; but such unknowns more often turn out, as expected, to be nonentities whose aspirations to bank there are obviously absurd. Today it is just a commercial bank, like the First National Bank of Podunk,. but it is also, as H. L. Mencken once said, "a vasty and imposing shape, glittering and yet somehow dim, bullet-proof and lightning-proof, and stupendously respectable." Not everybody can hope to bank there.

Back in the 1930's, when one congressional committee after another was investigating the firm and its business methods, a senator asked the late J. P. Morgan: "I suppose if anyone walked in with $10,000 and wanted to deposit it, you would take it?"

"No," said Morgan. "Not necessarily."

"You mean," said the senator, in apparent sur-

prise, "that if I came in with $10,000 you wouldn't take it?"

"Not unless you had the proper introduction," blandly replied Morgan, who then joined in the laughter of the senator's colleagues.

Present-day officials of the bank are not too happy about the seeming implications of that reply. They do insist on knowing something about prospective customers before accepting their business, they agree. They have a reputation for financial soundness and respectability to maintain. And besides, they point out, banking at J. P. Morgan & Company is a highly personal relationship. The tradition is that of an old-time private bank—which Morgan's used to be—and any customer has access at any time to anybody in the bank for consultation and advice. This relationship, they explain, must be based on mutual confidence and respect.

"Some people seem to have the idea that we're a stuffy outfit," says George Whitney, president of the bank. "We're not at all, and you don't have to have $1,000,000 to open an account here. We welcome small accounts."

But small accounts, by Morgan standards, do not mean chicken feed. There is no savings department, small loan department, special checking department for small depositors, none of the departmentalized services of the big banks with branches that go after neighborhood business. There is one small counter in the rear of the bank where customers may deal directly with the single paying and receiving teller usually on duty. Small account customers ordinarily use Morgan's only in the realms of higher finance, and maintain accounts elsewhere for day-to-day, petty-cash banking.

Some members of the firm and a few customers use their checking accounts to pay household bills, but grocers and butchers seldom see Morgan checks. One suburban New York tradesman did get one, some years ago, but was so startled he called his local bank to make sure that it was not some kind of a joke before depositing it. Foreign customers, lacking other banking connections in this country, often use Morgan checks to pay their hotel bills and other personal expenses; but since they usually stay in the plushier hotels, this seldom causes a flurry. Mostly, however, the bank's checks are strictly business in the upper brackets.

Who banks at Morgan's? Well, its officials won't name names, but Wall Street knows that most of the institution's customers represent important money. When the depression was on and Congress was directing its salvos at the firm, the bank got a lot of business on the rebound.

One morning in the 1930's, for instance, after a spell of heavy weather in congressional hearings, a limousine drove up to the bank and out leaped a tall, lean figure, one of the best-known industrialists in the world. He strode through the doors, saw Morgan in the distance, went up to him and shook his hand. The man declared that as a token of esteem for the way the company had handled itself under the congressional ordeal, he wanted to do business with it.

Even without being told, however, the financial world knows the names of many big corporations that are traditional Morgan customers—United States Steel, Kennecott Copper and Johns-Manville, for instance. Many of the country's great railroads are on the list. Another customer of long standing is Uncle Sam, whose deposits are usually substantial. Many foreign agencies also deal there, though the bulk of its business—contrary to the impression of those who think of it as essentially internationally minded—is domestic. Some states and municipalities are among its depositors, as are many other banks,

(Continued on page 64)



The old ledgers stored in an underground vault serve as a reminder of the past



Upstairs one finds the latest devices, including automatic checkwriters

Where Brakes Are Put on Breakdowns

By JOHN LaCERDA
and MARY ANN RAMSEY

MORE and more executives are on the job because of 57 doctors at Philadelphia's Ben Franklin Clinic

AT THE Benjamin Franklin Clinic in Philadelphia, where 57 medical specialists have pooled their skills to find out why business men crack up, there is a favorite story about an executive who was racing toward a nervous breakdown.

He had pains in his stomach and buzzing in the ears. He slept fitfully and had little appetite. In desperation, his wife sent him to a psychiatrist.

Every day, for an hour, the executive lay on the psychiatrist's couch and answered questions.

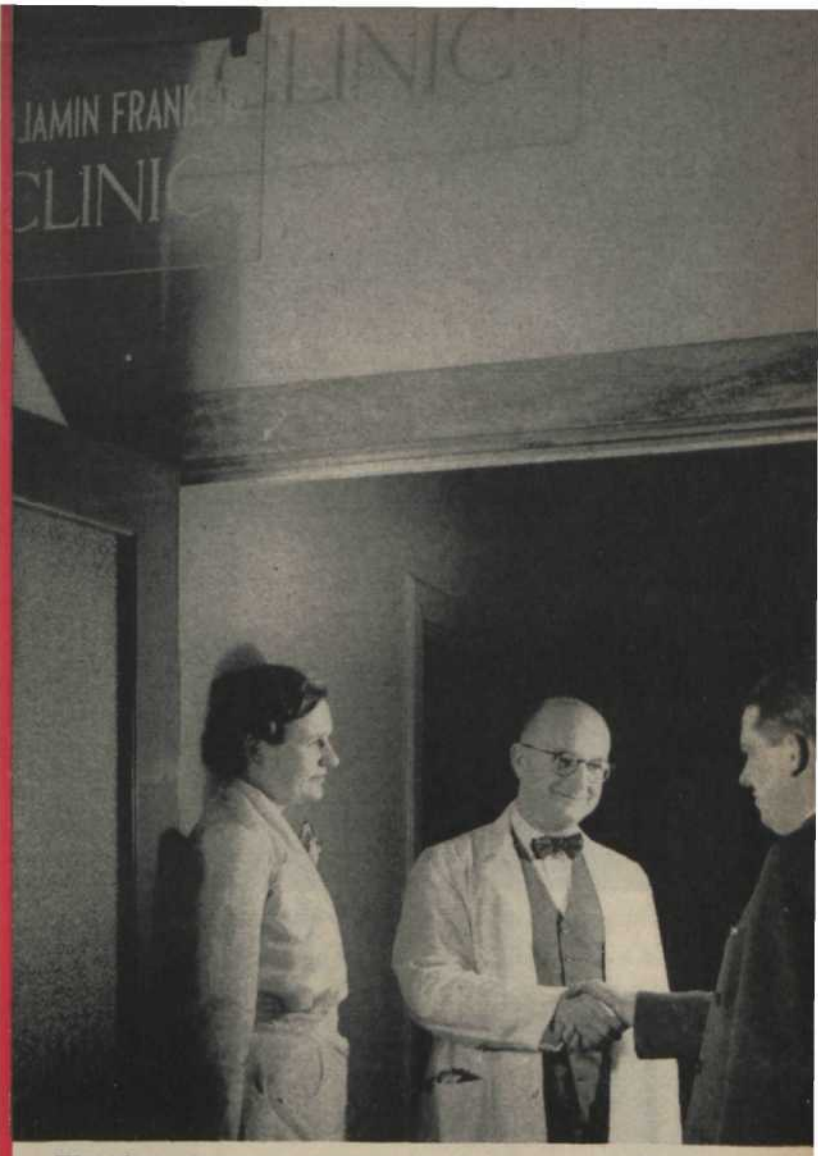
Almost immediately he improved and in a few weeks was his normal self—not because of anything the psychiatrist did but because he had been able to get away from the office each day and relax.

Specialists working at the clinic have diagnosed the ills and motivations of more than 2,000 men and women. While the doctors doubt seriously whether the ulcer and the nervous tic ever will disappear completely from pressurized business, they do know that the estimated 600,000 heart deaths and 150,000 nervous breakdowns likely to occur in business and industry this year will represent a deplorable loss of manpower and abilities.

They know, too, that the executive who is able to relax and is intelligent enough to share the work load with subordinates is more likely to survive the whiplashing of our times.

The clinic's preoccupation with business men's ailments is reflected elsewhere around the country. In New York, for instance, a Jesse M. Markel has formed a nationwide business men's fraternity called "Relax, U. S. A." Markel advocates such devices as blowing smoke rings and sitting quietly for a while each day to gaze at the passing clouds. Ironically, he's been so busy since the fraternity was formed that he says he hasn't had time to do much cloud-gazing of his own.

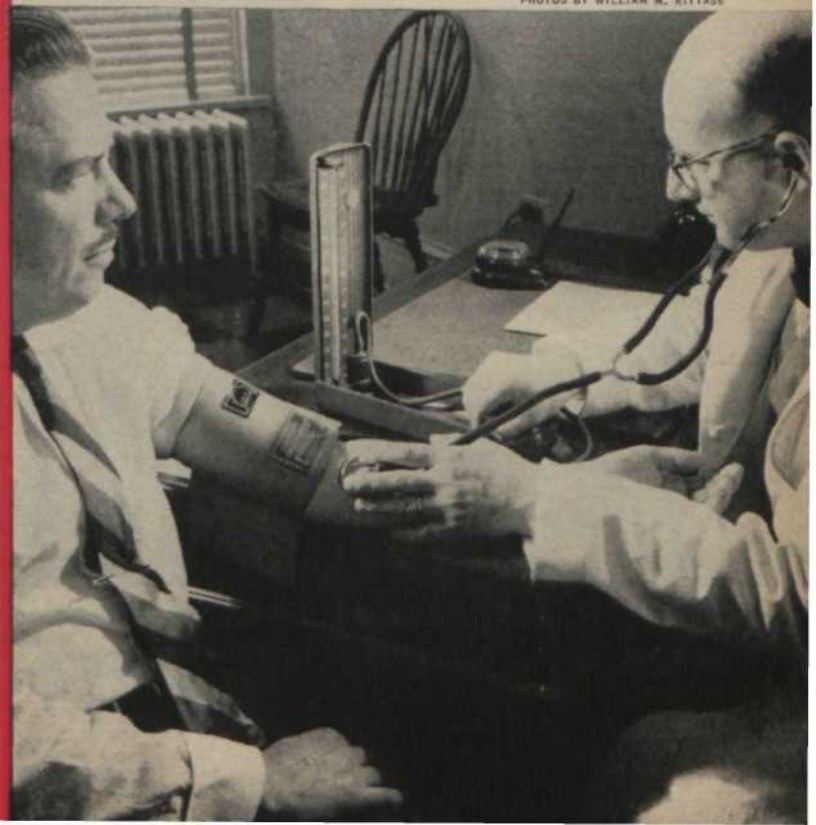
At International Harvester, General Motors and some other major corporations, specific health

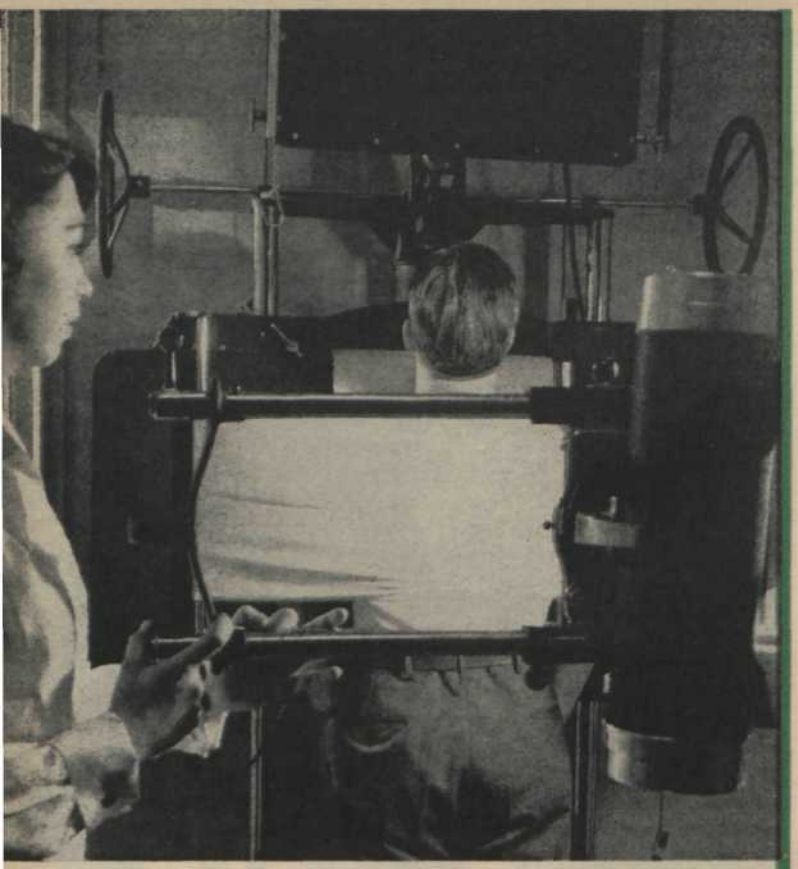


The first doctor a patient meets is a specialist in internal medicine who trails him through tests

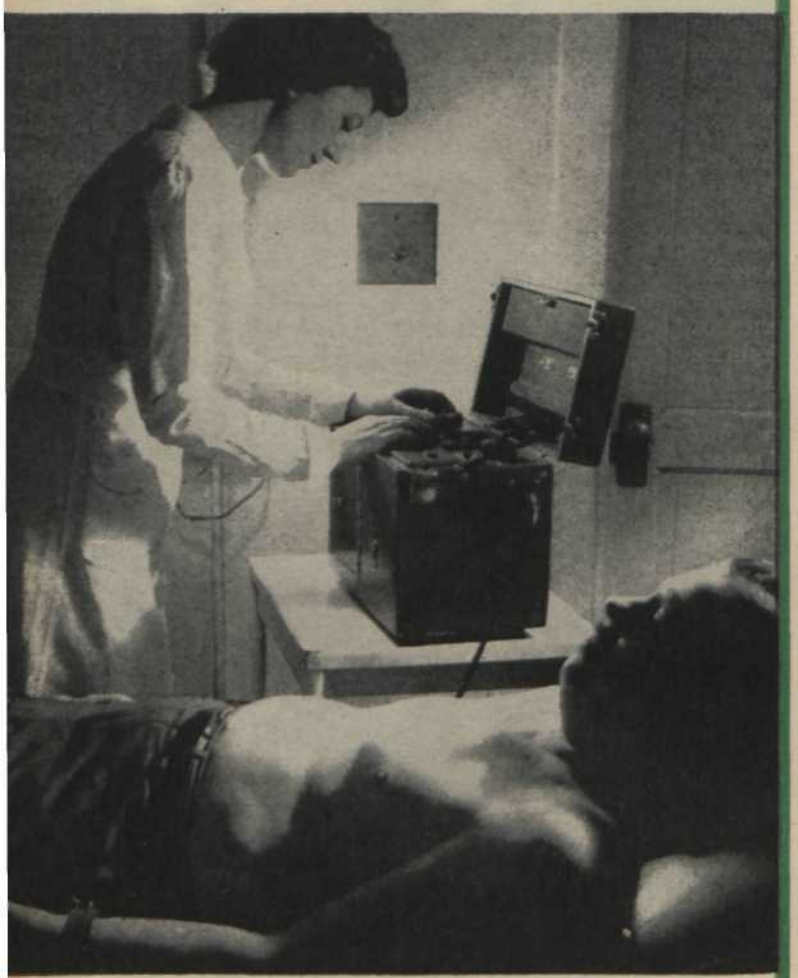
A patient's blood pressure is taken early and may form the basis for additional examinations

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE





The clinic puts emphasis not only on diagnostic services, but also on the value of checkups such as chest X-ray



With heart trouble the bugaboo of the busy executive, the necessity for electrocardiograph studies is common

programs have been instituted to help keep executives out of the cemetery. Going a step further, Du Pont, Allis-Chalmers and Consolidated Edison have set up medical departments for salvaging executives who turn to drink as a way out of their problems. All these firms report encouraging results.

The Philadelphia clinic, located a few blocks from Independence Hall in a modern and bustling building, is the newest branch of Pennsylvania Hospital, which Benjamin Franklin, himself an overburdened executive, helped to found in 1751 as the nation's first general hospital.

The idea for the clinic was conceived as a postwar project by several Pennsylvania Hospital doctors while serving at a field hospital in New Guinea during the desperate fighting days of 1943. They felt that by offering a complete diagnostic service for one over-all fee, regardless of the ailment or ailments, a group-practice clinic might become a partial answer to those back home, who, even then, were clamoring for socialized medicine.

The doctors felt that, with the war over, men in service would hurry back into business and, struggling to catch up on missed time, fall victim to ailments which a group of specialists, by combining their skills and equipment, could best diagnose.

Over the past two years their calculations have proved correct. The clinic, after a faltering start, has begun to pay its own way; by maintaining private-practice offices in the clinic building, the doctors share expenses as well as the clinical patients and thus keep down the overhead.

The clinic has acquired a national reputation. It is being studied by the American Medical Association as a possible pattern for hospitals elsewhere. John N. Hatfield, administrator of Pennsylvania Hospital and also president of the American Hospital Association, is recommending the B. F. C.'s work to association members and urging establishment of a network of diagnostic clinics throughout the U. S. as a major advancement in the field of preventive medicine.

It was at the B. F. C. that neomycin, newest of the antibiotic wonder drugs, was first used on a human being—a dying business man-farmer who was able to get up and go hunting a month after the first intramuscular injection. Other patients have come from various parts of the United States and five foreign countries. A woman suffering from tuberculosis of the kidneys was sent to the clinic recently as a last hope by fellow townspeople of Smithfield, N. C., who raised the money for her care by popular subscription. Research in cancer, dietetics and nutrition also has enhanced the reputation of the clinic and the historic hospital of which it is a part.

Dozens of firms send their executives in groups to the clinic for periodic checkups and charge off the cost to common sense conservation of management manpower.

"There is a growing realization," says Dr. Leon Herman, clinic president, "that while industry has reduced its occupational accident rate by 60 per cent in the past 20 years, almost no safeguards have been thrown up to save executives from themselves."

Sometimes as many as 80 per cent of an executive group examined at the clinic will be suffering from previously undetected ailments, either major or minor; of such victims, perhaps six per cent will be found to have serious conditions, some of which have progressed beyond correction.

"Sad and frightening," is the way Dr. Leonard W.

Parkhurst, clinic director, describes it. "These men—and women, too—run down because they won't slow down."

One clinic rule, observed scrupulously, is that patients must come only by referral from their own doctors. These doctors, in turn, are assured of the return of the patients after the diagnoses have been made and treatment recommended. Thus the clinic works as an ethical and trusted associate of the local doctor, giving him access to specialized services which might otherwise be prohibitively expensive to the patients.

Among executives and professional and semiprofessional people who have undergone diagnosis for the single clinical fee of $150 (for group studies, a smaller fee may be arranged), the following ailments have predominated, in this order: heart and circulatory disorders, early hypertension frequently accompanied by overweight, ulcers and other gastrointestinal complaints, gallstones and diabetes.

It is clear, observes Dr. A. Reynolds Crane, clinic secretary-treasurer, that overwork, tension and emotional turbulence play a part in either causing these ailments or aggravating them.

Maj. Gen. Hugh J. Casey, who was Gen. Douglas MacArthur's chief engineer from Bataan to Tokyo and who recently became executive vice president of the hospital, adds that business might well take a lesson from the Army, which long ago adopted, for troops on the march, an hourly rest policy known popularly as "take ten on the break."

The clinic likes to assure a patient's tranquillity of mind before he is run through the examinations. In the waiting room, for instance, magazines are pre-scanned carefully for material which might incite mental distress or worry.

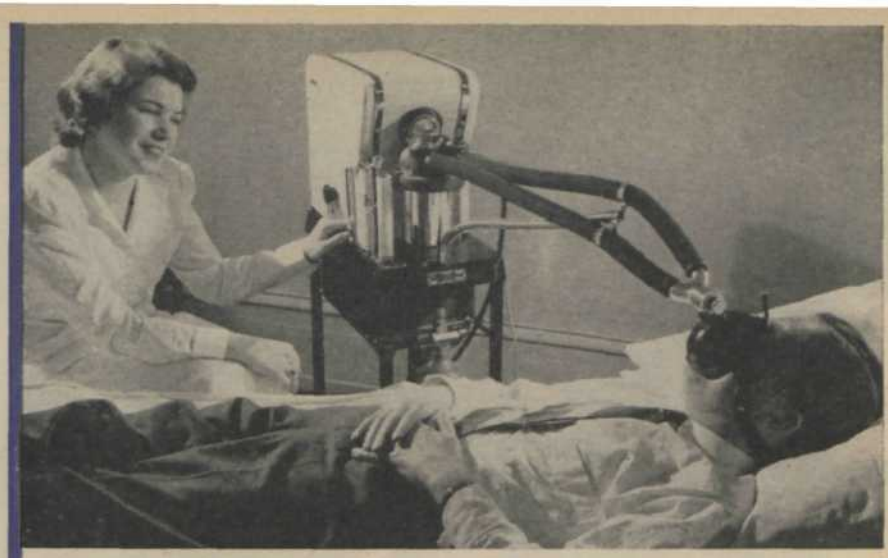
Colors of the furniture and walls are of soft tones conducive to psychological calm. Out-of-town patients whose examinations may require several days receive assistance in finding accommodations in nearby hotels or rooming houses for the duration of their stay in town.

Throughout the examinations, each patient is under constant supervision of an advising physician who guides him through the various tests. This physician takes extensive notes and, later, collates them at group conferences with specialists. The reports then are sent to the patient's personal physician.

Because of a conviction that many major ailments can be traced to occupational factors, each employed patient is asked searching questions about his business life. From the answers that have been given, the B. F. C. has come up with a composite of the executive who drives himself too hard.

If he relaxes at all, the victim of his own ambitions does so only occasion-

(Continued on page 72)



Basal metabolism also is checked. The test measures the oxygen intake, reflecting patient's energy turnover during a state of rest



Another test records electrical potentials of a patient's brain. This may indicate presence of a tumor or other form of lesion



Dr. A. Reynolds Crane, left, clinic official, talks with associates, John Hatfield, Dr. Leonard Parkhurst and Maj. Gen. Hugh Casey





NINE TENTHS OF WISDOM

By CARL CARMER

I'VE BEEN working for the Acme Direct Mail Supply Company now for close to 20 years, and in all that time I've seen a lot of folks come and go, but not one that made as much impression on me as Matt Johnson. I can remember as plain as day the first time I saw him. I had come into the big room where all the folks at Acme except the bosses work, and I stood still looking around for my desk and chair when this fellow came up to me.

"You may delay but time will not," he said in a prim kind of dry voice. "Your desk is third from the window in the fourth row."

I was so flustered that I couldn't say anything, just went over and sat down and began filling envelopes with our folder as I'd been told to do.

"Good," said the voice I had just heard. "Well done is better than well said."

When I heard the noise of his quick precise steps fading as he moved to the front of the room, I dared to look up and see what the man looked like. He had just reached his desk, which faced all the others, and was sitting down. There wasn't much distance when he was standing between his bottom and the seat of the chair and I figured him short and thin. He was wearing one of those old-fashioned alpaca office coats over his white shirt and his collar was a stiff one that showed a neat blue polka dot tie between its widespread wings. His face was long and narrow and his wide mouth curved a little down at each side like a bullfrog's. He wore rimless glasses, the kind the opticians call pince-nez, with a narrow black ribbon that ran down and around his neck. A few ragged strings of hair were combed straight across the bald surface of the forward half of his scalp. Just above the center of his ear lobes, though, his hair was fluffy and mouse colored and it grew thick from there on back. A rectangular black frame hung above his head and on the white cardboard inside it I read in big bold letters:

"One Today Is Worth Two Tomorrows."

Just then Jim Abrams, who later became my best friend, leaned across the aisle and said:

"What did he give you—Ben Franklin or Elbert Hubbard?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess it was Franklin. Something about time won't wait and doing something being better than talking too much."

"That's Franklin," said Jim nodding his head, "Ten and fifteen. We've got 'em all numbered. He has a different one each week in that frame over his head and he talks in 'em, too."

"What's his job?" I asked.

"Sort of foreman," said Jim, "but he calls it Secretary in Charge of Labor Relations and the boss don't mind. He's a good natured guy—the boss, I mean. But I don't like his nibs sitting up there like

"Well," he said, without emphasizing any word, "I ain't the same man."

we used to have a monitor in school. And all his slogans and mottoes make me sick."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Matthew Johnson on the payroll but everybody calls him Motto Matt—behind his back, that is."

Well, the next week came along and I had really got to fitting into my job and I forgot all about looking up at the board above old Matt's head until one day at about noon. Then I suddenly knew the cause of the giggles I'd been hearing all morning. In the bold black letters in the frame I read:

"He Who Remains In One Place Is Lost."

I don't suppose he could have found any words that would have struck all of us seated in one place day after day any funnier. As I read it the noon bell rang and we all poured out of the building. When I reached the diner across the street, Jim had already borrowed a pail that had a little paint in it and was lettering on a stray piece of cardboard:

"Acme—Home Of Lost Souls."

When he finished he began parading up and down like a picket and everybody was laughing at him.

"That wasn't either Franklin or Hubbard," he said to me when lunch hour was over and we were trooping back into the plant. "That was a maverick he picked up somewhere."

Jim didn't know that Motto Matt had seen what he did and neither did I until we looked at the signboard as we came into the big room. It had been changed to read:

"The Rotten Apple Spoils His Companion."

That scared both of us so that we stuck to our work without saying anything to each other in office hours for more than a week.

In the year that followed I got used to Motto Matt. I realized he was a kind of institution and I got to like him a bit and even to look him up once in a while in his neat one-room bachelor apartment, just to hear him talk.

"I have studied the judgments of great men," he would say to me. "You may laugh at my saying them over or putting them on my motto board but some day you will be glad I did. Theodore Roosevelt said: 'Nine tenths of wisdom consists in being wise in time.' "

Once I said to him, "I'm blue. I don't believe I've got a chance with this outfit."

"Any man who has a job has a chance," he said—and added abruptly, "Elbert Hubbard."

"But I'm not as smart as some of the others," I said. I could tell that he was quoting again by the fact that his lips were drawn close together whenever he said anything he'd learned by heart.

"An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness," he said. "Success depends on loyalty and cooperation."

The news that Motto Matt was leaving came as a real shock to all of us about a year later. We had thought of him as a permanent fixture. We could not imagine Acme without him and I guess none of us had ever thought of his age. He didn't look 65—the retirement age—but he looked about ten years younger and when we heard he was going, some of the folks who had been there longest said he'd always looked that way.

Toward five o'clock on the day he left, the boss came out of his office with a velvet-covered box in his hand and stood beside Motto Matt and said, "Matt, you've given a lot of your time to this company. We're trying to symbolize how we feel about it by giving you this little machine that measures time. I hope it will measure only happy hours for you and for many years to come."

Motto Matt stood up then while we clapped and I thought for a moment he was going to show some feeling, for his lips sort of spread apart and trembled, but in a second they were set in a firm line and he said just as dry as always:

" 'We have done that which was our duty to do'—Luke: chapter 17, tenth verse."

Then he took the watch box in his left hand, shook the boss's hand and walked out to the coat room with the same quick sort of prissy step we'd come to know. By the time the five o'clock bell rang, he was gone.

I WISH I could forget the next time I heard that dry voice. I didn't see him then but I knew who was talking all right. Who wouldn't? I'd forgotten the key to my locker at the YMCA and come back to my desk a half hour after closing time to get it. There was a light showing through the

(Continued on page 70)



Motto Matt was a kind of institution around the office, ever willing to recite some classic saying

Chosen to Lead the Chamber



CHASE STUDIOS

Otto A. Seyferth



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

Clarke Bassett



Clifford D. Cooper



Harry A. Bullis



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

Raymond H. Fogler



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

E. J. Grimes



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

A. L. Lynn



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Norman P. Mason



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

William B. McFall



SARRA, INC.

George J. Mecherle



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Earl L. Moulton



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Ralph C. Price



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

Frank P. Samford



CHASE NEWS PHOTO

Martin W. Watson



Chauncey I. Weaver

THE NATIONAL CHAMBER'S new president is Otto A. Seyferth, president of the West Michigan Steel Foundry Company, Muskegon.

Newly elected as vice president is Harry A. Bullis, chairman of the board, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

And named to serve as directors for the first time are:

First Election District—Norman P. Mason, treasurer, Wm. P. Proctor Company, North Chelmsford, Mass.

Second Election District—William B. McFall, president, Commonwealth Trust Company of Pittsburgh.

Fourth Election District—Frank P. Samford, president, Liberty National Life Insurance Company, Birmingham, Ala.

Fifth Election District—Chauncey I. Weaver, chairman of the board, Ohio Fuel Gas Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Sixth Election District—George J. Mecherle, chairman of the board, State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Ill.

Eighth Election District—Clarke Bassett, president, Merchants National Bank & Trust Company, Fargo, N. Dak.

Ninth Election District—Earl L. Moulton, president, Charles Ilfeld Company, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Representing Agriculture—E. J. Grimes, vice chairman of the board, Cargill, Inc., Minneapolis.

Representing Construction and Civic Development—Martin W. Watson, general contractor, Topeka, Kan.

Representing Domestic Distribution—Raymond H. Fogler, president, W. T. Grant Company, New York City.

Representing Insurance—Ralph C. Price, president, Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, Greensboro, N. C.

Representing Natural Resources—A. L. Lynn, vice president, Island Creek Coal Company, Huntington, W. Va.

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When Fear is a Daily Diet

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

FALSE rumors have plagued the world for years, but the United States appears to be the capital for scares, suspense and drama

SCARES and alarms have harassed Americans for 20 years. They have been years that try the strongest nerves—a span which saw a financial depression, lush prosperity, the costliest war in history and now grim forebodings that we may face another conflict with dependable allies lacking.

Dangers that are real must be separated from those that are imaginary or whipped up for a purpose. If carried away by the latter, a nation which grew up strong and unafraid can become hesitant and jittery while its enemies await the day when panic ends in economic collapse.

A vitiating national fatalism grows from the scares. Old persons to whom a few more years are precious, urge their families to move from populous cities which may be bombed. After a nationwide tour of educational institutions, Alexander G. Ruthven, University of Michigan president, said: "So many youth of today take the attitude: 'Why study, we'll never live through another war.' "

Military preparations around the world, atomic bombs, threats of germ warfare and more deadly hydrogen bombs are realities not to be ignored. The trials of 11 communists, of Hiss, Coplon and Gubitchev—the latter a United Nations appointee—leave no doubt that subversives can betray the country. They are dangers that can be faced because they are real.

Baseless scares are different. Some are adroitly promoted, others passing sensations. A lusty scare may bring support for a party policy, acceptance of higher taxes and bigger appropriations, more jobs or votes for a candidate. It may be a domestic scare—8,000,000 unemployed, big business taking over government or another home front sensation to get the votes.

But the deadly scare comes from outside, bringing the threat of war. It is the most cruel of scares because it casts the pall of threatening death and destruction over every home.

When our Navy was staging March maneuvers in the Caribbean, a lookout sighted a submarine. Submarines were in the fleet but this one apparently was on its own. A shore admiral allowed that "It is not in our war games pat-

tern." The fleet command answered, "No comment."

So the story grew that a foreign submarine was spying secretly on the American fleet. After that it was reported at six-hour intervals. The scare survived for three days. Then the craft, one of our own, entered port with a sailor who needed hospital treatment.

Obviously the fleet command knew this submarine had been detached from maneuvers for the shore mission. But meanwhile surmise and speculation had been allowed to produce another crisis.

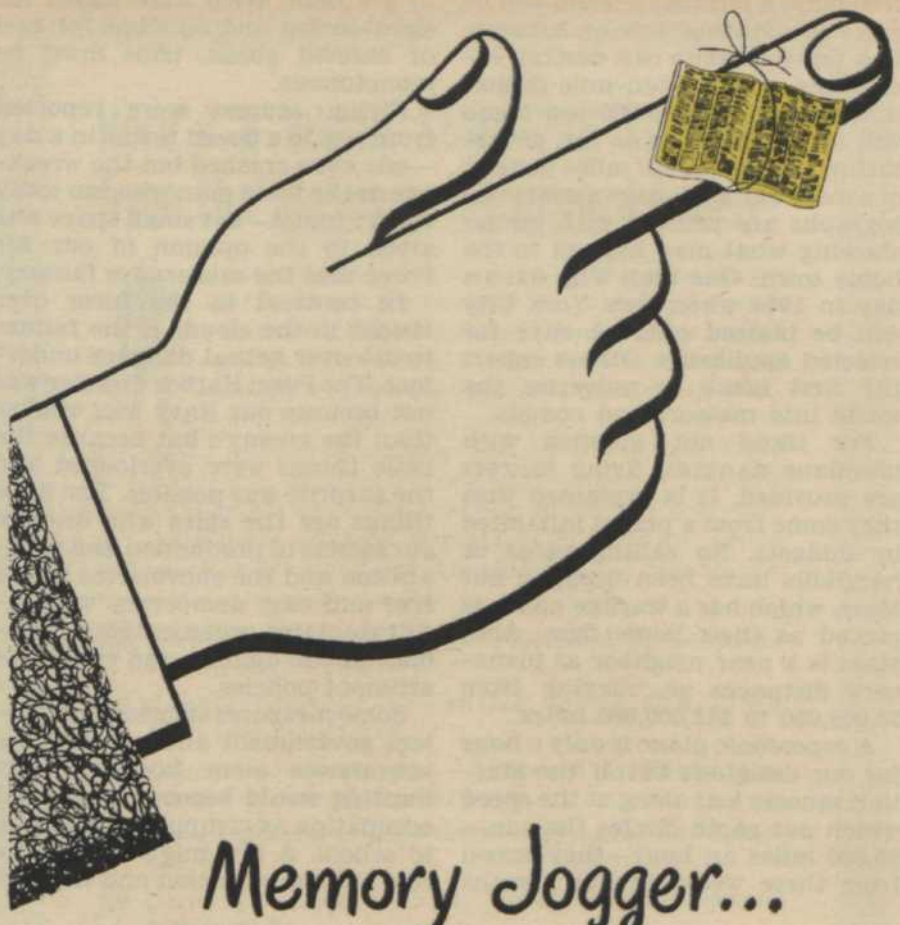
Another full-dress scare had not one but a flock of submarines off our shores. Would they bombard San Francisco or liberate a squadron of bombing planes? The Navy appropriation bill was pending in Congress with urgent demands for more millions to protect the country from invasion. One salty admiral declared that no competent observer had seen any submarines and that they were a mirage.

Russia is pictured with a navy that matches an army big enough to walk across Europe. This navy has grown so rapidly, the orators say, that submarines lent to the Chinese communists are in the Pacific. A scare enthusiast goes into detail on what Russia with 2,000 submarines could do to the United States. The "If Russia had them," which should brand the scare as wild speculation, is omitted.

A closer escape from scare talk becoming serious followed a story from the office of a former American commissioner in Germany that Russia was massing troops on the border. Reports credited to the White House described the President as "impressed with the necessity of augmenting our military forces." The scare fixation here hit a new high and spread to other countries. Then it was discovered, as any worth-while intelligence organization would have known, that there were no threatening troop movements.

The first Pensacola, Fla., session of high ranking militarists was press agented with hints that another war might be just around the corner. The chiefs were seriously discussing, speculation said, whether we should use our atom bombs to start it or wait for another country to give us a push. The weather was fine, a good time was had by all, big appropriations followed and, though several years have passed, no war has started.

If death does not come by land or sea, it may come by air. Bombs are secret and imaginations have



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free play. A hydrogen bomb will be more devastating than an A-bomb. If a ten-ton bomb can destroy everything within a ten-mile radius, it is figured that a 200 ton bomb will spread 20 times as far, devastating 126,000 square miles instead of a mere 314. Full-page aerial photographs are printed with circles showing what may happen to the home town. One man who fixes a day in 1954 when New York City will be blasted offers a cave for selected applicants. Others expect the first bomb to pulverize the world into meteors and comets.

For those not satisfied with mundane dangers, flying saucers are provided. It is explained that they come from a planet inhabited by midgets. No calling cards or handbills have been dropped but Mars, which has a warlike name, is picked as their home base. Also, Mars is a near neighbor as planetary distances go, varying from 35,000,000 to 248,000,000 miles.

A supersonic plane is only a hope for our designers but, if the Martian saucers loaf along at the speed which our earth circles the sun—66,600 miles an hour—they travel from three weeks to five months to get here. With time added for sight-seeing and no stops for fuel or canned goods, trips must be monotonous.

Flying saucers were reported from one to a dozen towns in a day—one even crashed but the wreckage or the little man who ran away wasn't found—but small space was given to the opinion of our Air Force that the saucers are fantasy.

In contrast to the furor over visions in the clouds is the failure to discover actual dangers underfoot. The Pearl Harbor disaster was not because our Navy was weaker than the enemy's but because the little things were overlooked and the surprise was possible. The little things are the spies who disclose our secrets of production and preparation and the subversives in our free and easy democracy who infiltrate naïve organizations, influence public opinion and even government policies.

Some measures suggested to protect government and nation from subversives seem fantastic. Spy hunting would become a national occupation as compulsory as going to school. A few might enjoy the role but the suspicion and distrust of fellowmen now found in the police states of Europe and Asia would replace the freedom and confidence which is so characteristic of America. A few of the suggestions advanced are:

1. Compulsory fingerprinting of children at school age. (In a few years, the old-timers will disappear and everybody will be recorded.)

2. An identification card for each inhabitant.

3. A registration system with a warden for each apartment, city block or country district, who would report on every individual in his jurisdiction.

4. Police permits for any meeting of more than six persons, and a report on what was discussed.

5. Outlaw the communist and other parties which may advocate government changes by means other than the ballot.

6. Make the possession of publications of such groups, except by security officers, a penal offense.

7. Censor communications with foreign countries and, if needed, domestic communications and publications.

8. Impose severe penalties for failure to report all suspicious conversations which may be overheard.

9. Amend the Constitution to make treason a crime in peacetime instead of only in wartime.



Fears, suspicions can lead to a police state, rigid control over every citizen

Experienced officers agree that such measures would transform the country into a tight police state. Plotters are an individual and not a mass problem. Fingerprints would not change a person's habits. Cards could be stolen or easily counterfeited. Democracy would vanish with thought control.

Fear has brought such controls to other countries. Scares, though an increasing portion of daily life, are far from bringing such drastic measures to this country, but there is substantial cause for alarm at our laxity in security and the disaster which may follow if leaks are not plugged.

Work of the Atomic Energy Commission is one of the most closely guarded secrets. Sometime ago, a reporter called on Albert Einstein. He wanted some information. "Only what is not secret," as he explained.

"Only what is not s e c r e t," the scientist

echoed with a merry twinkle. "Why, young man, you're unemployed."

Unfortunately all is not as secret as Einstein imagines. A student called at the AEC headquarters in Washington, D. C. He was writing a thesis on atomic energy and asked for some literature. An accommodating clerk filled a large envelope with papers and pamphlets.

That evening the young man sat down in his room to study them. Running through his collection, he picked up a booklet stamped "Top Secret" in big red letters. It was so secret that a slip, pasted inside the cover, stated it could be shown only to half a dozen high-ranking scientists whose names were given. The frightened student was at the office when it opened the next morning.

An even more surprising breach of security, luckily equally harmless, found a Japanese stranger inside the Oak Ridge, Tenn., plant. As if his nationality was not enough to attract attention, he also was distributing handbills. When marched before an excited security officer, he explained quietly that he was a Quaker, had come from Indiana to convert the Tennessee bombmakers to the way of peace. As to how he got into the closely guarded plant he had ridden in with a busload of workmen.

The atom towns and plants are found as easily as any other place. They are well guarded—eight-foot-high wire fences, sentry towers every 100 yards, floodlights and gongs. Would-be visitors are refused admission. A tourist who asked for a firing schedule at the Alamogordo, N. Mex., rocket range was told that authorization from Wright Field, Ohio, or Washington was necessary. A few minutes later he got the information at a roadside filling station and was assured that advance warnings of rockets —they soar 100 miles above the clouds—always were sent by messenger, mail and radio to inhabitants of the area.

Questions at the big Sandia base and Los Alamos installation, close together in New Mexico, also must be referred to Washington.

Prowling for forbidden secrets is not limited to aliens but they predominate in foreign spy organizations. With immigrants running into five or six figures in a year, catching the occasional enemy on the way in is difficult and there is small satisfaction in identifying him after he is gone. In addition, our laws have many loopholes.

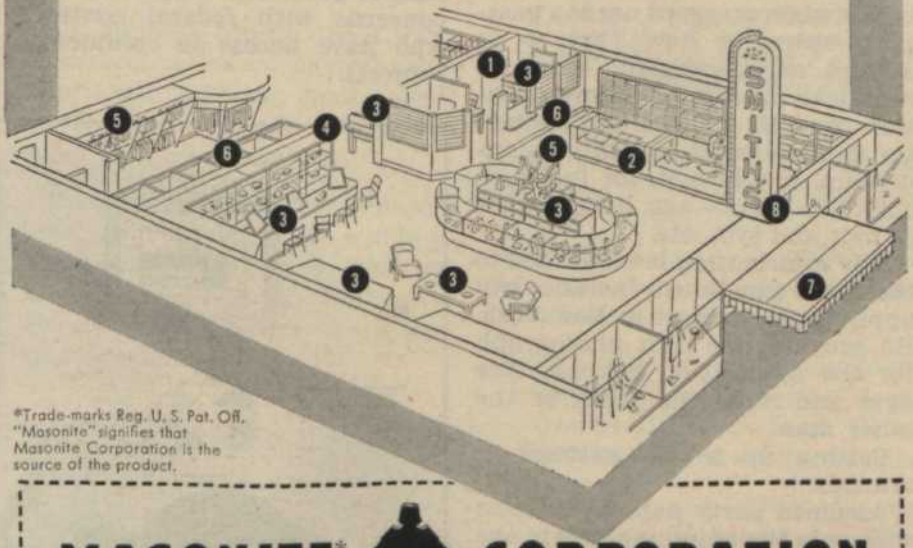
Early this year, 3,495 aliens convicted of crimes, illegal entry or

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subversive activities were awaiting deportation to their home countries.

An estimated ten times as many immigration law evaders have not been caught. Of the 3,500 ordered out, 2,133 are from countries behind the Iron Curtain and 88 are convicted subversives. Iron Curtain countries enjoy embarrassing this country by refusing to accept such citizens.

So they remain in this country, only about half of them even under bond. While awaiting deportation, Gerhart Eisler, the communist leader, went on a cross country lecture tour; Carl Aldo Marzani joined a university faculty, and Alger Hiss, who cannot be deported, was guest speaker at conventions.

The State Department's passport division says that frauds are discovered in less than one per cent of a year's 250,000 passports. Colors were changed from red to green in 1941, and the old tricks of counterfeiting or substituting photographs are difficult.

That does not block an efficient subversive organization, however, and the frauds it puts over are seldom in the one per cent discovered.

A spy organization prepares by obtaining the names and vital data of various men and women who have died or moved. Census bureau or county records show they are native born. The time comes when an agent needs a passport, either in New York to go abroad or, if abroad, from an American consulate. The organization consults its files and decides the data collected on a missing individual in Chicago, for instance, suits this agent—age, height, color of hair and eyes, etc.

The information is forwarded to the agent who in this instance will apply for a passport in New York. He provides his own photograph for the application but uses the data and signs the name of the other man.

Setting up a spy network is arduous.

Assumed party names, contacts with only the adjoining link in the network to pass along orders or information, constantly changed meeting places, conceal operations. A spy organization may have many networks in a country, each working independently and with its own chief. Over all is the organization director. Even a chief may not know the director, making contacts through an intermediary.

The director sends home the sought-after information, distributes the orders and pays workers.

Even if a director is nabbed, or a network chief, or half a dozen spies, the demoralization of the organization may be only temporary. Another takes the place of the missing key man and the gaps are filled.

No nation is ever free of spies but our counterintelligence organizations wage unrelenting war on them. Laws cannot substitute for vigilance and sanity in the spy hunter's code. Their proposals are:

1. Make investigations of loyalty and subversive activities a responsibility of established organizations, the FBI for civilians.

2. Abolish high officials' political privilege to ignore an investigation, but do not deny an individual's right to a public or private hearing if desired.

3. Create a nonpartisan review board to conduct hearings and decide all loyalty cases instead of leaving decisions to heads of departments and agencies.

4. Classify supporters and sponsors of subversives not cleared by investigation as accessories.

5. Make clear to scientists and teachers that freedom of opinions and research does not include freedom to traffic with other governments.

6. Investigate employes or officials of government and of private concerns with federal contracts who have access to confidential subjects.

7. Acquaint young people with the political and social theories of all nations but emphasize how they work or fail when put into practice.

8. Enact more severe penalties for subversive activity, including repeal of the statute of limitations.

9. Fingerprint applicants for passports to leave the country or for visas to enter. (This was discontinued after the war.)

10. Instead of extending uniform diplomatic privilege and immunity to all countries, limit each to what it grants our diplomatic establishments as to location, travel, personnel and other privileges. The same reciprocity would apply to nationals of other countries.

11. Less official secrecy about trivialities and pompous routine and more frankness with the public about its own business.

Security organizations, civilian and military, will uncover subversives if their efforts are not thwarted by politicians and sympathizers in high places. Our scientists, engineers and industrialists have given the United States world leadership in new ideas and production.

They can be depended on to keep it there.

The nation cannot survive, however, if the people are to be terrified continually by dangers which do not exist and which could be met effectively if they did arrive.



"Congratulations, Mr. Schmaltz. Is it a boy or a girl?"

Quiet—Watch Hospital

THE white front of the Tic-Toc Watch Hospital in Cleveland promptly puts you in a clinical frame of mind. The hospital atmosphere is heightened further by such window display features as small white beds in which rest watches and clocks of all descriptions. Clean white settings give a dispensary background to the timepieces, watch bands, wallets and cigarette lighters which serve there as patients.

Inside the hospital you find "Dr." Harry Chudakoff, appropriately clad in white jacket, busily performing some ticklish watch repair operation. As a matter of fact, you discover that you are surrounded by white—walls, ceiling and showcases.

Responsible for the establishment are two ex-GI's, Harry Chudakoff and Ray Brenner. Before the war, Chudakoff had held a variety of jobs, but after his five years of service, he decided to try the watch repair field. Taking advantage of the GI Bill, he attended Western Pennsylvania Horological Institute, then gained practical experience by taking watches and clocks into his home and repairing them.

Last fall, he and Brenner began making plans for the shop. Ray, whose training had been in radio work and journalism, became enthusiastic and the two men opened the "hospital" shortly before Christmas.

Located on one of Cleveland's main thoroughfares, the Tic-Toc shop's unique display attracts much attention.

The "hospital's" staff has discovered that many visitors like to carry the pretend-atmosphere into their conversations. It's not unusual for a customer to inquire, "How much will this operation cost?" and then to ask that his patient be well taken care of.

Present plans call for an amplifier to be installed in the store, attached to a large outside clock. The big clock's usual ticking then will be loud enough to attract attention of passing traffic, reminding one and all that this is where clocks and watches are made to sound off with the chronometric beat of well-being—a clear and healthy ticktock.

—LEE RICHARD HAYMAN

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The Soft Drink Business

MOST of us have never even heard of the gentlemen. But last year, every American drank an average of 166.4 toasts to the memories of two obscure early nineteenth century Philadelphians.

That's our average consumption of cola, root beer, ginger ale and assorted soft drinks—and the Philadelphians, one, Townsend Speakman, a druggist, and the other, Philip Syng Physick, a physician with a fitting name, were the "fathers" of this 25,000,000,000 bottle a year industry (with its 7,000 bottling plants, almost 100,000 employes and $820,000,000 total investment).

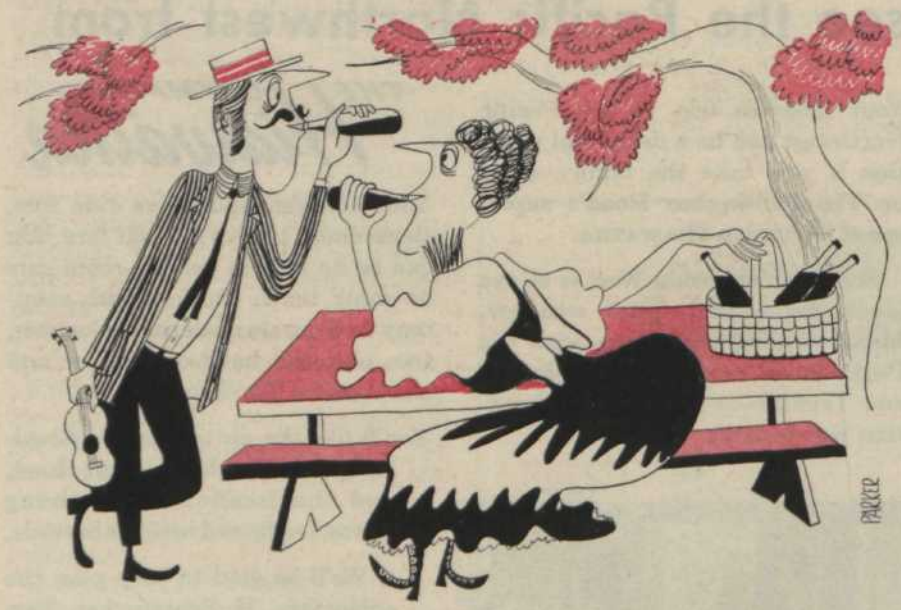
Dr. Physick was the student. He had read the epoch-making pamphlet written by the great English scientist, Joseph Priestley, dealing with the impregnating of ordinary water with "fixed air" (later called carbon dioxide). He knew scientists had been trying for years to recreate artificially the natural mineral waters that European doctors had been prescribing for centuries as a cure for their patients' gastric ailments.

One day in 1807, Dr. Physick brought a copy of Priestley's pamphlet to Speakman's apothecary shop, on Second and Market Streets. "Some of my patients are suffering from stomach disorders," he said, "I'd like to prescribe this *Aqua Acidi Carbonici*—if you can make it."

Speakman followed Priestley's directions for making a pneumatic trough; then succeeded in mixing the gas and water. On sipping the resultant *charged water*, however, he discovered its taste ranged between vile and insipid.

He decided to add a little fruit juice, to make it more palatable—and, immediately, the soft drink industry was born.

The fruit-flavored beverage was a great success. Dr. Physick came back again and again on behalf of his patients—and soon Speakman was selling it to all comers. He was not commercial-minded, however, neglecting even to patent his process of manufacturing the gas from sulphuric acid and sodium bicarbonate.



Others, however, were quick to see the possibilities. His apprentice, John Hart, began to sell carbonated beverages on his own throughout Philadelphia—and in 1809, Joseph Hawkins, a Baltimorean, and two Charleston, S. C., druggists, Charles D. Simons and Jean D. Riondel, obtained patents for separate methods of "saturating water with carbonic acid gas of fix'd air."

During the early nineteenth century, these and other pop pioneers did a thriving but purely local business. Their emphasis was altogether medicinal. Flavors were added only to disguise the medicinal taste and trade names were all antiseptic-sounding—Sparkling Phosphade Ferrozodone, Heodont and Phosphodone, Quinada, Voldat and Vigorine.

Gradually, however, the emphasis became gastronomic. People who made no pretext of having any internal difficulties began buying the various beverages simply because they tasted good—and by the post-Civil War era, the various Vigorines and Phosphodones were replaced by Lime Juice Champagnes, Strawberry Punches, French Currant Cuisiniers and ginger ales.

By the 1880's it was a sizable industry, though still localized. There were more than 520 different establishments, with a combined capital of $2,969,561 and uncounted hundreds of products. Ginger ale, birch beer and sarsaparilla were the favorite drinks. Bottling was done by hand, bottles were hand-blown (and usually green-colored, a carryover from French wine bottles), with lips that were sometimes thin, sometimes thick—and the stoppers used were universally unsatisfactory.

These included ordinary corks, set in by mallet (the name "pop" came from the sound made when you removed one of these cork stoppers)—also, agate stoppers, expanding stoppers you pulled out with a small, attached chain and the famous lightning stopper, a glass cover held down by wire, not unlike a modern canning jar. None of these, however, could be counted on to seal in effectively the flavor and effervescence of your drink.

But in 1886, there began a series of mechanical developments that launched this infant local industry into the big-time national picture. First, a patent was filed for a mechanical glass blower, which meant bottlers could now control the size and shape of their containers.

Then, two years later, Jacob Baur, a Terre Haute, Ind., druggist, borrowed $75,000, moved to Chicago, set up the predecessor of the

giant Liquid Carbonic Corporation and sold his first cylinder of liquid carbonic gas. Now, soft drink manufacturers were provided with a standardized, easily transportable product they could count on.

Even more important, in 1892, William Painter, a Baltimorean, patented a new type of stopper which he called "Crown Cork." This, of course, was the present-day tin-type cap with the perforated crown shape and inner cork lining (originally, to keep the metallic taste from the drink).

At first, most bottle manufacturers figured Crown Cork was just another false alarm and refused to make the new, thin-lipped bottle which was required to make the cap fit. But Painter forced them into production by running ads listing firms that would accept orders for his type of bottle and, through his New England representative, King Gillette (later, Gillette Razors), giving free, with every order of Crown Corks, several gross of the thin-lipped bottles (which he himself ordered and paid for).

By 1897, Crown Cork had caught on and the soft drink manufacturers, assured for the first time there would be no deviation in their products once they got them into the bottles, began working toward obtaining uniform quality of their extracts and national recognition for their brand names.

Previously, in 1886, Coca-Cola and Dr. Pepper had made their respective modest starts—antedated only by Moxie, which was sold as a "nerve food" during the early 1880's.

Coca-Cola's history is almost too well-known to bear repetition. John S. Pemberton, an Atlanta druggist, first concocted the syrup in his backyard and brought a jugful to another druggist, Willis Venable, to try out among his customers.

Still another Atlanta druggist, Asa Candler, bought out Pemberton for $1,750, peddled "coke" (the nickname, in public use for years, was not accepted by the company itself until 1941) first as a "brain food and intellectual beverage," then, a headache cure and finally as an enjoyable drink in its own right. He plastered the nation with signs, magazine ads, millions of free fans and, in 1919, sold out for $25,000,000.

Dr. Pepper, today Coca-Cola's runner-up in the South, was started in Waco, Texas, by a druggist who had once lost his suit for the hand of the daughter of a doctor



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named Pepper in a neighboring state. When Waco wags learned this, they quickly dubbed his product "Dr. Pepper."

Pepsi-Cola grew out of the refusal of the Loft Candy Stores in New York to serve Coca-Cola at their fountains. Loft bought up the tiny Pepsi-Cola Company for $12,000 and began plugging its "12-ounce bottle."

Prohibition gave the industry a boost. Numerous beverages that could be used as "mixes" began hitting the market. In 1923, Canada Dry, the ailing American outgrowth of a Toronto company, was first touted as "the Champagne of Ginger Ales." Other ginger ales entered the field during the 1920's and when Prohibition ended, they were openly advertised as "good mixers."

Today, there are approximately 100 soft drinks with some degree of national distribution—plus an uncountable number of purely local ones. Despite the wide-scale national distribution and the fact that it is America's thirty-first industry, soft drinks are essentially small business. Manufacturers wisely scatter their syrup plants throughout the land and ship the syrup out to small bottlers who add carbonated water and sugar and ship in turn to local sales outlets. Most of these bottling plants serve areas of 600 square miles each, most employ less than five people each and almost 60 per cent are located in towns of populations between 2,000 and 25,000.

It would appear to a mere soft drink imbiber, whether he lives in Florida (and drinks a bottle of assorted pop exactly once every 28 hours and 57 minutes) or in New York (only once every 82 hours and 19 minutes), that the point of national satiation may be near. But the bottlers tell you, "We haven't even started yet!"

—Paul E. Deutschman

Where Work is a Pleasure

(Continued from page 31)

shop in the community that had known me as a fairly rich man. I didn't want friends to give me business out of sympathy.

"So we loaded everything we owned into a trailer, piled into the car, and headed east for a fresh start. We inspected town after town, eating up the few hundred dollars I'd been able to borrow. And at last we struck Port Washington. We all liked the place. We liked its friendly, unhurried atmosphere. And we found a house we could get with an incredibly low down-payment. We took it and converted the lower floor to a workshop.

"In order to raise some immediate cash, we went around, the five boys and myself, looking for furniture to repair. Happily, we got quite a bit—mostly old chairs. I think people liked the novelty of dealing with a whole family of craftsmen. After a time, when we'd built up a modest repair business, we ventured into building furniture of our own design—and when *that* caught on, we knew exactly where we were heading. We've now been in Port Washington some 20 years. And by using our combined craftsmanship in architecture, sculpture, wood carving, painting, and cabinetmaking, we've been able to accept all kinds of commissions."

Of course, the modest home workshop long since has been shifted to a modern industrial plant. Since no creative undertaking seemed beyond the abilities of this gifted household, they never hesitated to bid for work. And they got it—from clients as distantly separated as Louis D. Leighton, motion picture producer in Hollywood; the May Company in Cleveland; Kaufmann's in Pittsburgh; and John Wanamaker in New York.

One client owned an estate in Maine, where he loved to hunt and fish. He wanted to refurnish his home in a manner that would express his personal tastes. So the Wood family responded by building furniture whose woods contained hand-carved panels—hunting scenes, fishing scenes—all based on the purchaser's hobbies. That created a kind of fad. Since seeing it, scores of people have asked for furniture which would similarly express their own lives!

> **"A government is a group of men organized to sell protection to the inhabitants of a limited area at monopolistic prices."**
>
> **—Maxwell Anderson**

But none of this is done hastily. Every item is the product of leisurely, painstaking care. The one word Albert Wood has stressed through the years of growth has been *craftsmanship*. In an article he wrote for *Liturgical Arts* after doing a church interior, he said:

". . . all men are either craftsmen or cogs. For craftsmanship may be found in a sonnet, or in a song; in a well-tended farm, or in a piece of sculpture; in a homespun suit, or in a loaf of home-made bread; no less than in the creation of a cathedral."

By that rule they all live: whatever they produce must be the ultimate expression of their combined skills, no matter how long it may take to produce it. Haste and craftsmanship, they insist, cannot go hand in hand.

Though they now employ skilled workers, all original designs are still made by the family. They do their planning and execution with all of them gathered around a work table, whether designing a teakwood box or a factory. Often Gardner Wood, the sculptor, will make a model in clay; the rest of the family will stand around to criticize and add their own ideas. Paul, the painter, is regarded as the final authority on all matters relating to color. Francis is arbiter in the choice of woods. And over the entire enterprise hangs the paternal direction of Albert Wood.

"What's the most interesting job you ever undertook?" I asked.

That made the five sons and the father smile at one another. Albert Wood answered:

"The *current* job, whatever it may be, is always the most interesting. Right now, for instance, we're trying something we've never attempted before. And it's proving to be fascinating—though we've all had to do weeks of research in preparation for it."

Temple Beth-el of Great Neck, he explained, had built a new school and auditorium. It required a new pulpit and ark, the latter a compartment with sliding doors to contain the scrolls of the Torah. Dr. Jacob Philip Rudin, rabbi of Temple Beth-el, had asked the Woods to undertake its design and construction. It was, naturally, to be built for the ages.

"The sliding doors," Wood said, "were to contain eight panels, each to symbolize a Jewish holiday. These were to be hand-carved in mahogany and walnut. Well, we'd done a good deal of church work, but none in synagogues. So my sons and I, accepting this as a challenge, began by doing Hebraic research in museums. With the help of Dr. Rudin we became scholars of a sort, for we had to understand

the significance of everything we carved. It's a job that will take at least three months of concerted effort. But it's a genuine test of craftsmanship, and we're all steeped in it with the deepest sense of excitement."

There, understandably, is one of the delights of the unique business the Woods have established—the fact that they never know what their next project is to be. A few weeks ago they completed the furnishing of a Sands Point estate, constructing every piece of furniture with woods obtained from the trees on that particular Sands Point bit of land. They had scarcely finished that commission when a woman requested that they produce a small humidor for her husband—carving a picture of the family home on its top!

I've frequently gone through the plant, escorted by all six Woods; inspecting lathes and marveling at the intricate designs for future work—enough of it to fill many months for all of these craftsmen.

HOW, I once asked, do they reconcile their own unhurried way of doing business with the onrush of the machine age? Do they feel like throw-backs to another century? Isn't there something anachronistic about all this?

Albert Wood explained their position very neatly indeed. "In this age of mass production more men can have more things than ever before," he said. "And the more things a man can possess—the more wealth he has—the more he cherishes and values and desires work of fine craftsmanship—the personalized output of the creative artisan. One does not need any special training to appreciate fine craftsmanship. Nearly everyone recognizes the real thing almost by instinct, which is often the surest guide. In this age of assembly lines, there's a genuine place and need for craftsmen."

He must be right. Starting a new career in middle life, this quiet, gray-haired man has led his five sons into profitable fields where their love of skill, of perfection, of artistic creation has paid off handsomely. They continue to live the leisurely life, never sacrificing beauty to haste, caring not a whit for the mass-production records others may set. They build at their own steady pace. Today it may be a chair; tomorrow a cathedral. Whatever it may be, however, you know, as you watch these six artists in their workshop, that the job will glow with the joy of creation.

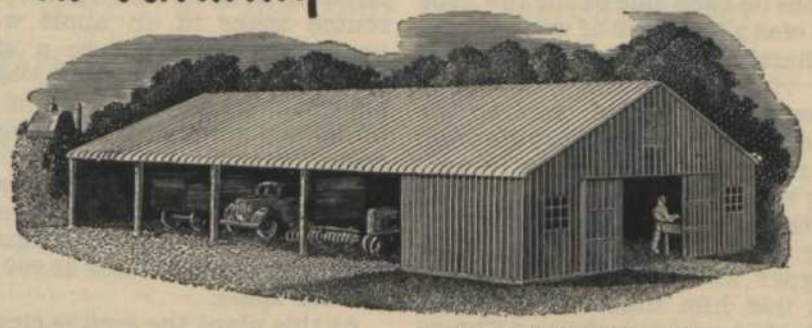
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Grass Seed is His Business

(Continued from page 39)

grows. The grower of the seed relied for the purity of his crop upon his selection of the pure seed and protection against cross pollenization that he could rig up. If a solid planted field matured with a lot of strangers in it, the seed grower had only one alternative—to harvest the crop he had planned to sell for 50 cents a pound, as hay at a few dollars a ton.

To beat this situation, Wagner planted his grass in four rows, 28 inches apart and 100 yards in length. Doing it this way he could see what was going on.

With the one of his four sons who farms with him he established a watch over the growing crop. Foreign grasses showed between the rows. Wagner and his son personally pushing hand cultivators, cut out all trespassers. But cultivators could go only within three inches on each side of the row. The rest was a hand job of weeding. On his hands and knees, Howard Wagner ripped out the weeds and grasses that nestled close to the pure stock. It brought taunts from his neighbors accustomed to putting in their wheat crops, waiting for them to come up and then cutting them. One stopped by while Wagner was grubbing out a row and told him that any man was daffy that would work like a Chinaman to get a yield of crested wheat seed.

Wagner's first crop came up. He stood by awaiting the verdict of the first and most important test he had to pass, one given by the state agents who certify the seed. Their job is twofold. They check the field while it is in growth and note the amount of foreign grasses in the pure seed. Their second work comes after the harvest when they test the seed for purity of stock and germination. But their primary rating is based on their field inspection; and no editor of a social register keeps a more snobbish eye on the heritage of his aristocratic entries than do the certification officials. When they inspected Howard Wagner's first row crop they found no social climbers. Plus that the best at harvesting was 99 per cent germination and 100 per cent purity.

From then on Wagner was on his way. He acquired more land and tried out many different types of grasses for both lawns and forage. Always keeping his eye on the region in which the seed was to be used, he tested his seed stock in other parts of the country under adverse conditions and then grew only the seed that met the demands of the area in which it was to grow. He continued to expand until he has produced more than 30 types of grasses. Alta fescue, blue grass, creeping fescue, highland bent and many others make his crops that he plants on 1,000 acres.

As Wagner succeeded in the first few crops, farmers who had thought he was certainly making a living the hard way came around to putting in his profitable crop. Now scores of farmers are putting in the grass seed that makes the valley the largest producer of grass seed in the United States.

Wagner's production of seed put him naturally in the business of cleaning it. After his first crops he rented space in an apple warehouse where he put in a small cleaning machine, which, when harvest came around again he had to dig out from behind the apple crates. Today his storage and cleaning plant occupy not only the whole of the old apple warehouse but two other larger buildings, all connecting and totaling 25,000 feet of floor space.

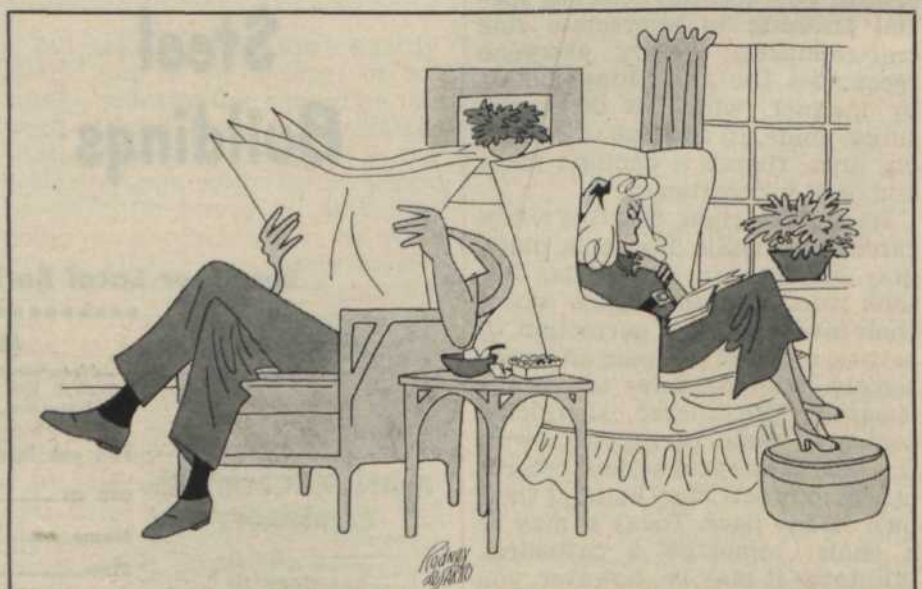
At this plant the seed is cleaned and sacked in 100 pound bags, the certification officials put on the blue seal and the crop is off in carload lots to wholesalers and distributors throughout the nation. These people in turn package and mark it for their trade. But Wagner is through with it when the carload lot takes off.

Today he keeps trying better seeds and improving his land and keeping out of traps. One threatened last year when the nation suffered from drought. At the end of the growing season he started to put down a well for overhead irrigation just in case it should happen next year. The well project is typical of Wagner's career.

"I thought if we got water at 300 gallons a minute and didn't have to lift it over 50 feet we would be all right," he said. "I picked up some water at 150 feet, put it in a test pump but I figured we would have to lift it too far. So I told my friend who was drilling to go on down."

At 680 feet he got more water but the pressure didn't have the zip that Wagner was looking for. By this time the more objective neighbors were suggesting that he quit. But Wagner, measuring the cost of lifting the water, went on. He can show you the bits of trees and fossils that were disgorged as the drill went down through. He hit 1,087 f e e t—simultaneously hard rock. Water gushed out. Wagner took a look at the flow and calculated the pressure wouldn't irrigate more than 100 feet on its own power. He had one of his perennial decisions to make, should he take half a loaf or take a try for a whole.

His associates when they looked at the bubbling flow from the six-inch pipe suggested that there was



"If you were the least bit considerate, you'd pay some attention to my ignoring of you"

enough water with the help of a pump to irrigate his land. Wagner felt a bit contrary to it. Taking a chance on sacrificing the water he already had, he pitched in again. He hit more hard rock. Again his friends said quit. Wagner was agreeing with them to himself but kept on. Thirty-two feet later the devil was to pay. Wagner had water all over the place. It roared out at the rate of 4,000 gallons a minute. Wagner put a bulldozer on to make a ditch to the nearest stream. When he gets it harnessed he has pressure to irrigate all of his land in a radius of a mile and a half.

Out of his experiences Wagner looks to the future of the seed producing business. He takes a bullish view of it for the next ten years. "Although the seed for lawns will probably run about even for the next five years the demand for forage grass is going to climb," he told me. "The work which has been done by the Agriculture Conservation Program in helping farmers throughout the country in putting in new pastures and improving their own has created a demand for seed that will grow a crop and protect the soil against erosion."

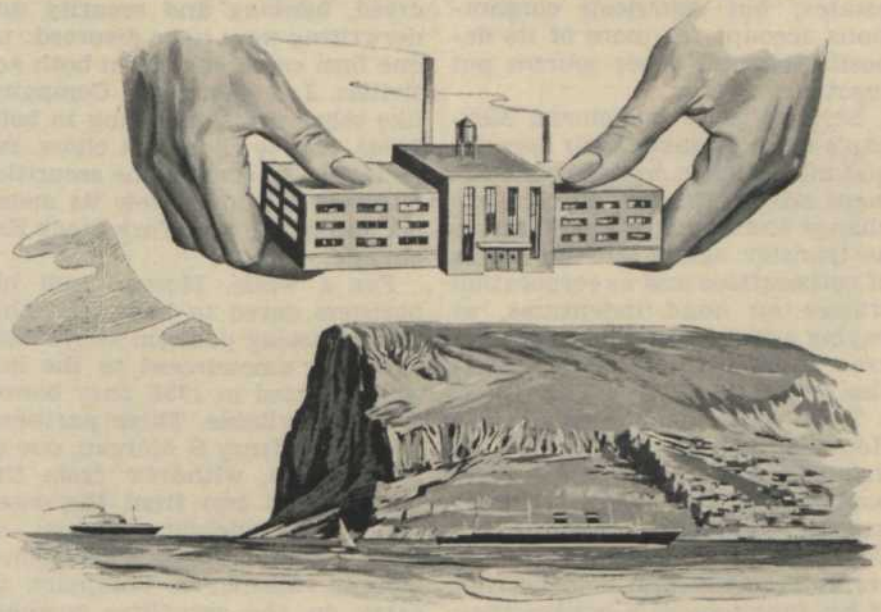
HE ALSO pointed out another strong bullish factor. The withdrawal of around 30,000,000 acres from allotment crop-wheat, corn, cotton and others means there is that much land that should go into grass production both to make a paying crop and to save the soil.

This year Howard Wagner still is looking ahead, and put more than half of his land in grass that can be used to supply the urgent need for grass seed which the State Production and Marketing Administration people say exists.

What makes Howard Wagner tick in the face of things that block his way? I don't know but perhaps an incident that came up while Wagner and I were on our way to see the well will help. The valley was engaged in sweating out the worst blizzard in 57 years.

We tried at least ten roads, all blocked. After a circuitous ride only a mile separated us from the well. We came on a drift that was putting on the act of being treacherous. Car tracks in the snow showed where a car had turned around and retreated only a short time before. Wagner looked at the tracks, assured me, "I ordinarily don't take much chances with snow. But we are so close to the well I hate to give up." With that he stepped on the gas and we inspected the well which we had set out to do.

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Who Banks at Morgan's

(Continued from page 42)

and some wealthy individuals and estates; but American corporations account for more of its deposits than all other sources put together.

Serving these customers, Morgan's not only takes their deposits and makes loans, but gives investment advice, deals in foreign exchange and letters of credit, serves as transfer agent for the stocks of corporations and as corporation trustee on bond indentures, as paying agent for dividends, and as executor and trustee in all capacities.

Time was, of course, when the House of Morgan had fingers in many other financial pies. J. Pierpont Morgan, who became a junior partner in Dabney, Morgan & Company in 1864, held a considerably broader—and bolder—view of his functions as a banker than has anybody in the field, probably, before or since. Merging railroads, bringing together competing companies to form the vast United States Steel Corporation, and masterminding other far-reaching financial manipulations, he became the most powerful financial figure in the world. His firm was the symbol of Wall Street. He took the more prosaic part of the banking business so casually that he told a congressional committee in 1912: "... I do not compete for any deposits. I do not care whether they ever come. They come."

The second J. P. thought more of straight banking, though in succeeding to his father's senior partnership in the firm he also succeeded to his reputation for financial power and influence—a reputation constantly enhanced by the diatribes of politicians to whom the names of Morgan and Wall Street always have been joined in anathema. This second J. P.'s announced purpose was to do "only a first-class business in a first-class way," and, as mentioned earlier, he required "the proper introduction" of depositors.

Under his regime, straight banking became the largest part of the business, but the underwriting of securities—until the firm was forced by New Deal banking laws to give up this part of the business—ran straight banking a close second. In the 14 years before 1933, it headed underwriting combines which distributed $6,000,000,000 worth of securities.

The Banking Act of 1933 ended all that. Henceforth, the law decreed, banking and security underwriting were to be divorced; no one firm could engage in both activities. J. P. Morgan & Company, like other firms operating in both fields, had to choose. It chose, reluctantly, to give up the securities business and ultimately its membership in the New York Stock Exchange.

For a while, Morgan and his partners dared to hope that this was a passing political storm. But when an amendment to the law was defeated in 1935, they bowed to the inevitable. Three partners, including Henry S. Morgan, one of J. P.'s sons, withdrew from the firm, as did two from the associated Philadelphia house of Drexel & Company, and formed Morgan, Stanley & Company, to carry on the securities business separately. The rest of the partners, including J. P.'s older son, Junius Spencer Morgan, settled down to straight banking.

> **"We can offer stability as well as security by taking full care of those who need and want government programs, without treating the butcher, the baker, the grocer and the manufacturer like so many children for whom Uncle Sam knows best. That is we can provide a floor of security below which no one would be permitted to fall, but we would not knock everyone down to the floor to prove the point."**
>
> **—Gov. Alfred E. Driscoll**

When the storm had first risen, H. L. Mencken had said of the firm: "There is in it something of the vast weight and imperturbability of the Rocky Mountains, and it can no more be shaken by the barking of hick senators than the moon can be dissuaded from its courses by the baying of a hound." But the sharp-tongued sage of Baltimore had underestimated political power. The company was still, as he had described it, "one of the massive and inescapable facts of American life," but it was no longer the House of Morgan of old—the institution to which Wall Street looked for participating leadership. It was now a bank. Period.

It was still a private bank, moreover. This soon proved, under the new conditions, a handicap. It could not, for instance, advertise for deposits, under New York law, nor pay interest on deposits of less than $7,500. "The bulk of our deposits," Morgan had told a congressional committee in 1933, "has come from our having done work for some client, or because we are the paying agents for coupons, or the custodians of sinking funds."

If it was to rely solely on straight banking, it needed more latitude in seeking deposits. Even more important, it could not, as a private bank, do trust work. In past years, it had willingly foregone this kind of business; and it was largely because Morgan's sent so much trust work to certain other New York banks that these became known as "Morgan banks"—a tag which reflected honor or infamy, depending on the point of view. But now Morgan's itself could use this business very handily.

And so, in 1940, the transformation of the House of Morgan moved another long step ahead, by incorporation. It also ceased to be a private bank, and received a charter from the State of New York as a trust company. People still spoke with awe of "Morgan partners," and in the bank Morgan was still "the Senior"; but the partnership, under law, no longer existed. Morgan was board chairman; Thomas W. Lamont was executive committee chairman; George Whitney, president; the others, as in any bank, were vice presidents.

In 1942, the transformation became complete with an offering of stock to the public. When it had been incorporated, all the stock—200,000 shares at a par value of $100—had been taken up by the former partners, members of their families and close associates. Now, to broaden the ownership and establish a market value, most of the large stockholders contributed to a pool of shares for public sale. The market value was established at approximately $206 a share, and the New York *Times* commented: "Now anyone with $206 can become a 'Morgan partner,' can attend the annual meeting, elect directors and discuss the affairs of 'our company.'"

Theoretically, this was true, but Morgan's took no chances on acquiring the wrong kind of associates. The New York *Post* reported that Smith Barney & Co., through whom the stock was offered, was investigating would-be buyers, and wouldn't sell to anyone who didn't pass muster. Nevertheless, 540 new owners—individuals, institutions and estates—did become part-

owners of J. P. Morgan & Company, Inc.; and four subsequent distributions, together with gifts, bequests and private sales, have broadened the present ownership to include more than 1,600 stockholders.

They are seemingly a properly reverent group. At the first annual meeting in January, 1943, Morgan —then with only about two more months to live—prepared for an inquisition, with sheafs of documents and reports, as did Lamont and Whitney. For the first time in the bank's history, people were entitled to come and ask for an accounting of how the business was being run. The meeting was held in the sedately impressive board room on the second floor of the bank, with its high, dark paneling, open fireplace, thick carpet and portraits of J. Pierpont and the second J. P. at either end of the room. But only a handful of stockholders presented themselves. And, after the official reports had been read and the meeting thrown open to questions, nobody even peeped.

The anticlimax was such a surprise to Morgan that it amounted almost to disappointment. "Next time," he told newspapermen, "maybe we had better let *you* ask questions." Coming from the severely aloof J. P. Morgan, who had avoided publicity all his life, this struck the reporters as a most remarkable suggestion.

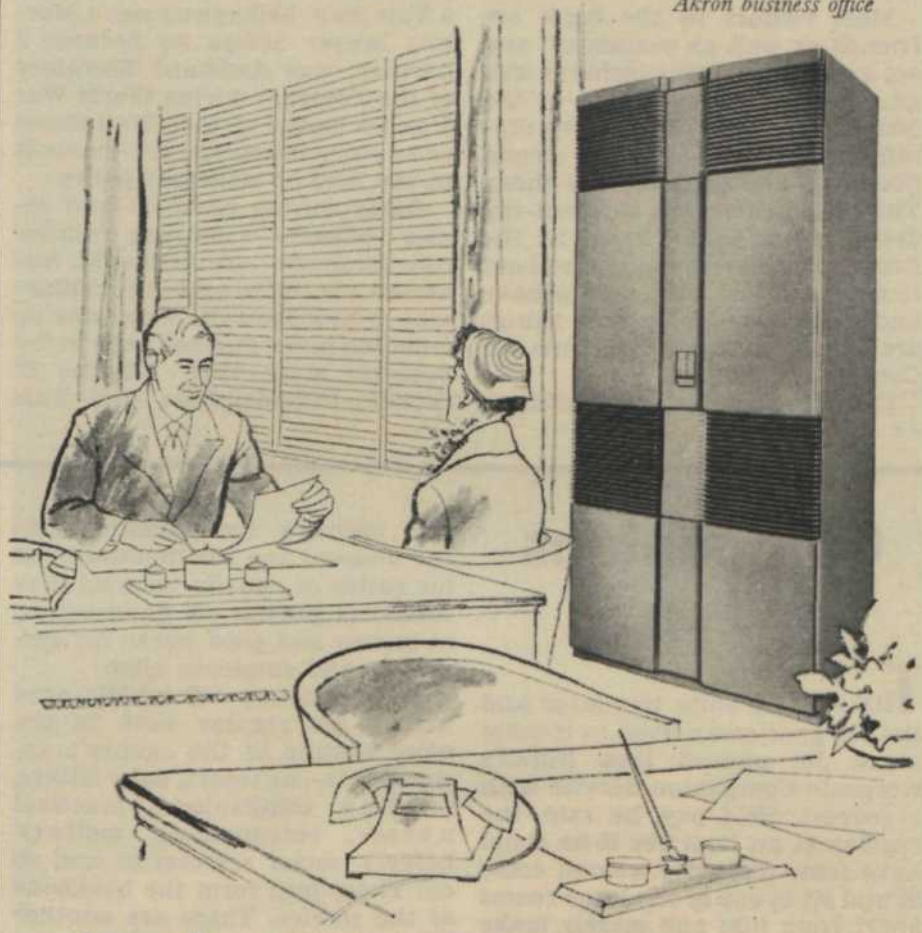
By the time of the next annual meeting, Morgan was no more, but otherwise it was much the same sort of affair. One woman stockholder did commend the management for "magnificent work under the lash of the Government," but repeated invitations brought forth no questions, embarrassing or otherwise. And so it has gone in the years since. To the devout of the Wall Street world, it is still almost unthinkable to question the acts of J. P. Morgan & Company.

In many respects, the company cultivates this traditional way of thinking. The big, solid-looking banking house dominating the corner of Wall and Broad Streets bears no legend of any kind except the street number, 23. J. P. Morgan once explained this with the lofty comment: "I think most people know the address." He meant, of course, most people who mattered. The same scorn for ostentation is reflected in the company's correspondence, much of which is carried on with letterheads and envelopes marked simply, "23 Wall Street, New York."

Yet to those who bank there, or who have other business there, it is

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a much more human place, and less impersonal, than banks usually are. And this, too, is part of the tradition that is consciously retained from the private banking days. It is taken for granted that those who come in are visitors worthy of receiving as much time as they may require.

Most visitors to the bank are friends as well as customers, and get a cordial greeting inside as well as a deferential reception at the door. The senior officers have dignified private offices on the second floor, but almost never use them. They sit instead at old, roll-top desks in one corner room on the first floor, and frequently stroll out to meet a visitor with a handshake and a question about how things are in Columbus, California or Constantinople.

George Whitney, the president, tall, thin, gray-haired and immaculate, a product of Groton and Harvard, now sits at the corner desk where Morgan sat, and runs the bank. At a parallel desk, sits white-haired, courtly R. C. Leffingwell, the board chairman, who shares policy responsibility with Whitney. A native New Yorker and a Yale man, Leffingwell was a Morgan lawyer before he became a partner, was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during World War I, and is looked up to in Wall Street as an elder statesman pre-eminent in the field of monetary policy.

Other former partners and senior officers—occupying similar roll-top desks—are Arthur M. Anderson, executive committee chairman, a New Jerseyite who came up from the ranks and has been in the business since 1904; Charles D. Dickey, Philadelphian and Yale graduate, who was with Drexel & Company in the old days; Junius Morgan, a Harvard man like his father, and now head of the founding family; H. P. Davison, Groton and Yale, whose father, Harry P. Davison, was one of the best-known Morgan partners of the era of World War I; Thomas S. Lamont, Exeter and Harvard, son of Thomas W.; I. C. R. Atkin, Canadian-born expert of foreign exchange; and Henry Clay Alexander.

Alexander rates a paragraph by himself. As executive vice president and by general understanding, he is the heir apparent to the Morgan throne. Born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., Alexander went to Yale, but only to study law; his real alma mater is Vanderbilt University. And it is only because he let the offer of a job with the law firm

Companions for Hire

THE HOTEL suite was large and the old gentleman lived in it quite alone. He phoned Dick Norell's Keepsafe Companion Service with a request. He'd pay, he said, the regular $1 an hour fee if he could have some motherly woman come in and sit in one of the large rooms apart from him and merely make "small, homey noises."

Norell sent over one of his bonded, middle-aged employes. Obligingly she sat and rattled newspapers, clicked knitting needles and one evening, made brave by the knowledge that this was her tenth "assignment" from her aged employer, whipped up a cake for him in the suite's kitchen.

The old man was delighted. "She makes the most comfortable noises," he told Norell, "but I like it best when she tiptoes. Then I not only know there's someone there; I know someone knows *I'm* there."

This is but one of the hundreds of different jobs that 32 year old Dick Norell has unearthed for women past 40 through his Los Angeles Keepsafe Companion Service. Started only a year ago, Norell's agency appears to be solving one of the most painful aspects of the unemployment problem—finding decent, respectable jobs for mature women who have ability but get little chance to employ it in ordinary business channels.

Today, Norell's matching up of the agency's assignments—both the unusual and the mundane—to his roster of equally unusual personnel is paying off handsomely, in money and good works for employers and employes alike.

Approximately 100 middle-aged women get regular work in the more routine of the agency's assignments—as tutors, baby sitters, reading companions, practical nurses, receptionists, mothers' helpers, social secretaries and so on. These jobs form the backbone of the service. There are another 100 or so women, in ages ranging from 35 to 63, who are listed for special jobs.



Among this latter group are social register matrons whose coupon-clipping has slowed down; fashion editors emeritus; retired actresses looking for the equivalent of that chicken farm; cosmopolites tired of globe-trotting; and educated widows needing income.

Norell supplies social security and the number that goes with it to middle-aged women in great variety. The people on his "available" list are bonded, healthy, cultured—and though they may be "plump" they're never excitable. He charges his workers a small bonding fee, partly refundable, and a percentage of the $1 to $2 an hour they earn.

Business is promoted through telephone directory advertising, direct-mail and announcement cards in the city's top hotels. Norell sees that his people are trained in first aid and in safety methods.

To build his staff of middle-aged availables, Norell has interviewed more than 1,000 women. "I see everybody," he says. "I figure if they've spent carfare and gone through the mental anxiety of job hunting, they're doing me a favor by coming down." He accepts them as young as 28, but the past 40's are his favorites.

Once Norell supplied a talented linguist who proposed in Portuguese for a bashful suitor, but the less spectacular jobs are the bulwark of his Keepsafe Companion Service. One benefactress sent one of Norell's motherly employes out to a penniless couple in their 80's who had returned home from hospital treatment and needed to be made comfortable—physically and mentally.

"I know I was supposed to stay only eight hours, until seven in the morning," the employe told Norell the next day, "but I couldn't bear to leave those fine old folks so I stayed until one p.m. And that was on me," she added, with pride.

—FAVIUS FRIEDMAN & JANE SPALDING

of the late John W. Davis dissuade him from going back to Tennessee to practice law, that he is in Wall Street today. Working with Davis for the Morgan firm during the congressional investigations of the 1930's, he so impressed the Morgan partners that they brought him into the firm in 1939. His appointment as executive vice president came last year. He's still in his 40's.

But while young men advance, time and tradition keep pace. In a vault in a subbasement three floors underground are stored the old ledgers of years past, the entries executed in fine Spencerian penmanship. On an upper floor are modern automatic machines that draw 250,000 dividend checks without stopping, and check the list of payees at the same time; and automatic stock transfer machines so new and revolutionary that other big banks have sent representatives to see them operate.

There is nothing fogeyish about Morgan's. It not only uses the most up-to-date devices; it also uses modern business psychology to get and keep the business.

The top-lofty attitude of the elder Morgan toward depositors long since has disappeared. Banking is a highly competitive business, Morgan officials will tell you, and they now compete just as hard as they know how for the kind of business they want. Back in 1933, when they had to choose between straight banking and securities underwriting, Morgan deposits amounted to $360,000,000; currently they approach twice that much.

This does not make Morgan's the biggest bank in the country, by any means. As a matter of fact, 12 banks in New York and 24 in the country as a whole are bigger in volume of business. But Morgan's is Morgan's, and it would be a different institution if it ever undertook to do the sprawling, all-inclusive sort of business of the bigger banks.

I also happened to be at the bank one day after the regular morning staff meeting. It is at these meetings that the men of Morgan keep themselves so well posted that they have the reputation of knowing more, usually, about what is going on in the world, at least in business and finance, than the newspapers do, often more than governments do. I asked one officer how they did it. "Primarily by exchanging information," he said, "and, of course, our primary sources of information are our customers."

He smiled. "It's a very exciting place to work."



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The Yegg and You

(Continued from page 36)

hurriedly, without looking back, it may be perfectly safe to follow them for a short distance and pick up some kind of clue.

As soon as you can, call the police. Give them the description over the phone and, if you know, the method and direction of escape. Then, do not handle anything until the police arrive, since there is always the chance fingerprints may have been left.

If there were customers in your place of business, ask them to remain. If there are people on the outside who know something about this holdup, ask them to step inside until the police arrive. They may be valuable witnesses. If you gather together a group of witnesses, ask them not to discuss the crime. If they do talk it over among themselves, they are likely to come up with a version which represents a mixture of their respective ideas.

As soon as you can, write down a description. Also write down an account of just how the bandit operated. This may be particularly revealing to the police. Criminals often use the same methods in all their holdups. For example, some bandits always use a brown paper bag of a specific size to carry off the money. They may fold this bag, keeping it in an inside coat pocket, and toss it in the same manner to each of their victims. The police keep a record of these things, and your observation may give them just the information they need.

Some business men keep a gun in their places of business. Don't you do it. Roy Rogers might be able to shoot the gun out of the bad man's hand from across the room, but if you try it, you will probably receive three slugs while you are figuring out how the thing works. That isn't the only danger. The records of every police department show there are a number of people killed each year by guns left lying around. A gun may give you a feeling of confidence, but it is confidence misplaced. It will be necessary for you to reach for that gun while the criminal already has his out. Leave the guns to the police.

There are some things, however, you can do to help protect yourself before a robbery occurs. One is to bank frequently. Don't let the money pile up. If you keep large amounts of cash on hand, the information soon gets around. If the wrong guy hears about this, your picture and your name may be in the paper the next morning—perhaps in the obituary column.

There are a few simple rules to follow in taking your money to the bank. First, avoid habits. Don't take your deposit over at the same time every day or follow the same route. Alternate employes if you can. Bandits like nice, reliable business men. Bandits like to know they always have a couple hundred dollars available at the corner of Fourth and Walnut Street at 1:32½ p.m. every afternoon. You may want to escort your money. If you do, don't permit the escort to walk with the messenger, for one man can hold them both up at the same time. Have the escort follow



the messenger. The distance between them will vary with the size of the crowds encountered. If the streets are crowded, the escort should keep close; if they are not crowded, he could drop back 30 or 40 feet. If you use an automobile, try to use a different automobile from time to time. If your police department is cooperative, and if it has enough officers to give you the service, ask for an escort. It undoubtedly won't be able to give you an escort every day, but many departments will when you have an unusually large sum of money. Talk your problems over with your local chief of police. Ask him to give you an escort occasionally, even when you do not have an especially large amount of money. This sort of thing keeps the criminals guessing. They never know what they will encounter. They are more likely to hold up a sure thing than a business man who keeps them guessing.

If you have more than one entrance to your place of business, lock up any entrances which can be closed without hurting your business. You will often find side and back doors rarely used by customers are perfect entrances and exits for criminals.

Many holdups occur just before opening hours in the morning, at noon, or at closing time. Be particularly cautious at these times. When you open up in the morning, look around the immediate neighborhood for any suspicious-looking people. Don't wait until you are right at the door to take this look-around. There may be someone waiting for you with a gun. If you do suspect anyone, call the police. Any good police department likes this kind of information. It wants the business men to be on their toes, for most holdups do not just occur suddenly. Before a holdup, the criminals spend from a few minutes to a matter of weeks or even months in looking a place over. If you think you have spotted these fellows ahead of time, let your police department know. It will take over from there.

Some successful holdups have been pulled by gaining admissions on a pretext, outside of regular business hours. This gives the criminal lots of time to work. He can search your place of business thoroughly and thus be certain not to miss any extra money. To avoid this, don't admit strangers before or after hours. You will lose very little business thereby.

The noon hour is another favorite time for holdups. In many types of business, and in smaller cities particularly, there is a minimum staff on duty. The risk is greater for you but less for the holdup man. If you can, lock up as much money as possible during the noon hour. It may take a little time to close your safe and then reopen it when you return from lunch, but it's time well spent.

The methods used by armed robbers vary greatly. No plan works in all cases. However, there are certain specific things that should be done immediately after a robbery. It will be to your advantage to discuss these duties with your employes and to assign each of them specific jobs to perform. The plan must be flexible. Each of you must be able to handle any duties of another so your system will not be upset by absence. You may find it necessary to combine duties, but your plan will be of material help if you do these four things:

1. Get the police on the phone as soon as possible. Know how to call the police properly. Many departments have an emergency number and another number for routine calls. If you are in a small

town which depends on the sheriff or the state police, learn the best way to contact these agencies.

2. Get the best description possible to the police immediately. Very often, the person assigned to call the police will be able to give a good description, but it will help to have someone assigned to concentrate specifically on descriptions and put them in writing.

3. Keep the customers in your place of business until the police arrive. They will all be good witnesses. Then, as soon as it is safe, go outside and obtain as witnesses any bystanders.

4. Look for the method and direction of escape. Do not delay except to avoid danger. Get this information to the police at once.

There are many other things you can do to protect your own safety, the safety of your employes, and your money. You can work out some very clever devices. You can set up procedures to safeguard your money.

You can get new locks for the doors, a new safe, have heavy screens placed over the windows, and put in a set of alarms wired directly into the police station. These things will do no good unless you make full use of them every day of the year. Case after case has shown that, while the money-handling system was virtually holdup-proof at the time it was set up, it soon deteriorated because the employes took short cuts.

A safe system is rarely an easy system. It will cause inconvenience. For example, one large company, with an expensive, well-protected, bullet-proof glass and steel cashier's cage, might as well have let its personnel sit out in the open, for when a girl left the cage to go to the washroom, she would take the key with her to avoid calling another employe to the door to let her in upon her return. Yet these people handled hundreds of thousands of dollars in their cashier's cage and believed they were safe. Actually, they were no safer than the girl who walked through the plant with the key dangling from her hand.

You may suddenly look up from your work someday to find yourself staring right into the muzzle of a gun. When you do, you will probably forget everything in this article. But try your best to remember this one fact: Your life, your own safety, and the safety of your employes are worth more money than a dozen bandits can carry away.

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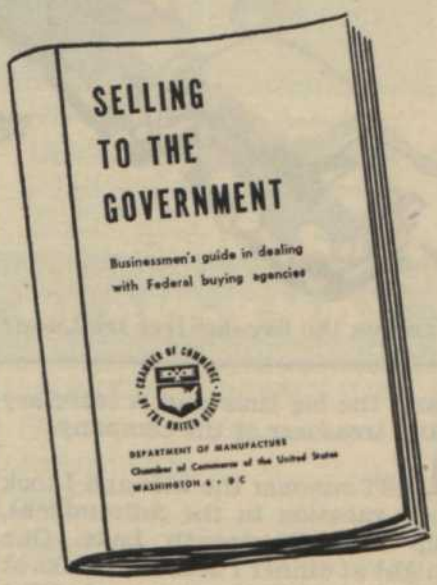


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Nine Tenths of Wisdom

(Continued from page 48)

glazed glass in the boss's office and since it was only partitioned off I couldn't help hearing what was going on. It was the only time I ever heard that sharp dry voice raised but it was really cutting through the air.

"I tell you I *believed* those things. I learned them and believed them. And now I sit in that lonely room of mine and say them over and over—and none of them are true—none of them, I tell you."

"Such as what?" asked the boss on the other side of that lighted glass. "Such as what?" and for once he sounded dead serious.

"The man who thinks out what he wants to do," said the dry voice of Motto Matt, and I could just see his lips coming together, "and then works and works hard, will win, and no others do, or ever have, or can—God will not have it so." There was a pause and I guessed what was coming and it came—"Elbert Hubbard."

"Will win what?" said the boss. "Did Mr. Hubbard say what he'd win?"

"N-n-no," said Motto Matt.

"And you haven't found out for yourself," said the boss. "You've been learning mottoes instead of learning life. You've piled up a lot of wisdom, but what for? To sit in your room with. Why don't you try thinking? Some folks enjoy it."

"I'd rather have a job—any job," said Matt desperately.

"No," said the boss decisively. "Your pension will take care of you if you're careful with it. What you need isn't more work but something different. I'm going to let you in on a secret I don't tell everybody. I know how you can make everything you've learned so far come into focus—how you can make your past life make sense—how you can—"

"How?" said Matt desperately.

"Go fishing," said the boss—and I sneaked out and ran to the YMCA.

IT'S a little more than ten years since Matt left us and while Acme hasn't set the world on fire, it's done all right. There was a time when I was afraid we were going to lose Jim Abrams because, after I had been given Matt's job and had kept on using the mottoes in the frame above the desk, one morning following a masquerade ball Jim dashed into the office in a Rough Rider outfit, laid a blank sheet of paper on my desk, and said he was carrying a Message to Garcia. I quit using the mottoes after that and I tried to keep it quiet about Jim but the boss found out and reprimanded him. Now Jim seems to have settled down. At any rate he's been promoted into the big time and is secretary and treasurer of the company.



"You on the five-day free trial, too?"

LAST summer the wife and I took our vacation in the Adirondacks, up near Thirteenth Lake. One night at dinner I asked the folks at Log Lodge where we stayed about getting a guide to take me fishing and somebody said that the best guide and the most picturesque character in the region was a native named Automat Johnson. A Harvard professor at the table said that was true all right but Automat was expensive. He said some of the millionaires who have hunting lodges nearby had spoiled him by paying him $25 a day—not so much for his guiding and cooking as for his talk. That started a lot of palaver the way it always happens when somebody mentions a good old-timer guide. Of course, the name rang a bell as far as I was concerned but I couldn't figure out why for a long time. Then I remembered Motto Matt.

"Are you sure he's a native?" I asked.

"You'd know he was if you could see him," said the professor chuckling, "but he told me once he hadn't lived here always. Said he came from the other side of the mountains. Wouldn't say any more than that, though. You know how close-mouthed woodsmen are—particularly about themselves. That's what makes what they say so delightful when they get around to saying it."

"He's an old-timer for sure," a white-haired guest said, "and he really fits into this landscape, but I can remember when folks around here got their first taste of him. A politician from Albany, one of those fellows that's always trying to make out he's just as common as you are, was orating a speech in the schoolhouse at North River Junction. He got to shouting about how he'd always been a woodsman himself and a follower of Davy Crockett, the Coonskin Congressman, whose motto was 'Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead.' Just as he finished that up with a flourish, Automat Johnson, who was standing in the doorway at the back, said quietly:

" 'I guess Crockett never met an Adirondack skunk.' The audience hollered at that so loud that the politician got fussed, quit talking and sat down."

"How did he get that name—Automat?" I asked and everybody at the table who knew this character laughed.

"Better not try to find out," said the professor. "One of his millionaire employers asked him once and he said he reckoned it was because his mother was a city woman and didn't like to do her own cooking."

" 'But,' said the millionaire, who knew something about the history of industry, 'automats weren't invented when you were born.'

" 'Maybe then,' said Automat softly, 'maybe my name is short for the Colt revolver my pappy shot a man with once fer not minding his own business.'

"Nobody's asked him since."

I couldn't afford any $25 a day

but I sure was curious about Automat Johnson—curious enough to find out where his cabin was and to set out one day to find it. It was pretty far up on the side of Great Bear Mountain and I was glad to see smoke curling from the chimney of the little log house that stood beside a stony brook.

I rapped and a calm, dry voice said: "Come in." As soon as I saw the man I thought I had never seen him before—and yet I wasn't sure. A straggly mustache hid the curve of his mouth, and his hair was so long—almost like a girl's bob—that it hung straight and did not look fuzzy like Motto Matt's. He was sitting by his fireplace tying trout flies as I came in and he did not look up from his work. He was wearing a checkered red and black lumberjack shirt, brown corduroys and Indian moccasins.

I EXPLAINED that I had come by to find out his prices for guiding and he said at once that he'd like to oblige me but his time was all taken up for the next three weeks. Then I said:

"I used to work with a man whose name sounded like yours. We used to call him Motto Matt Johnson."

He kept right on working at the Gray Hackle in his hands and said after a moment:

"Reckon all the Johnsons are kin if you go far enough back."

"This was a little more than ten years ago," I said.

"Well," he said without emphasizing any word in particular, "I ain't the same man."

I realized that he could be telling the truth and still have been Motto Matt, but I could see, too, that he was not going to join me in a nice long talk. So I said I was sorry he was tied up until after my vacation was over and started to walk out.

He got up and walked with me, and I went outside and turned to say good-by. He was slowly closing the door. He stopped it before it had swung to and said:

"A man's got to hoof it a long way to get to the place he wants. Maybe the place will be in his knapsack all the time and still he's got to hike the whole distance."

As he spoke, it seemed to me that I caught a glimpse beneath the straggly mustache of lips coming together in a straight line and I somehow knew that this was a quotation and I waited for him to announce the name of the author.

"Matthew Johnson," he said, and closed the door.

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Where Brakes Are Put on Breakdowns

(Continued from page 45)

ally, probably on Sunday. However, he plays so hard that he actually harms himself. If he goes out for a round of golf and the course is crowded, he irritably blows his top; if he goes to the seashore and the traffic is heavy or the beach is crowded, his day is ruined.

Our indispensable egotist rarely, if ever, takes a full vacation. If he does go away for a respite, his work accumulates to await his return.

Back on the job, he fails to delegate even the most minor business details. Responsibilities pile up. He doesn't pre-gauge his work load so that crises and pressure peaks are avoided.

At lunch—if he takes any at all—he gulps his food and then races back to the office or to an appointment.

At night, he carries his business worries home, where a neglected and remorseful wife probably is waiting to contribute to a maladjusted and restless homelife.

His, then, is a tortuous half-world, unbalanced between work and play, conducive to breakdown and collapse. Unless he slows down, our dollar-chasing hero may one day find that there are cardiac pains in his chest, butterflies in his stomach and a mortician's slab straight ahead.

Most of those who come to the clinic are between 40 and 49 years of age. The next most frequent age group is 50 to 59. Those within these age ranges, the clinic reports, are the ones against whom workaday pressures are greatest.

The clinic finds that heart disease, which in America today is killing one person every minute, is most likely to occur after 35; beyond the age of 45, in fact, almost one in every two executives becomes a heart sufferer to some degree. Somehow, the likelihood of being stricken is greater if a man's forebears were coronary victims.

The person who has financial solvency in his later years—in the form of annuities, etc.—is less likely to become ill. Having gold in the pocket by the time there's silver in the hair, is more than a cliché, the clinic's doctors say.

Merchants, physicians, salesmen, editors and private secretaries, the clinic finds, are among the most frequent victims of their occupations, in one way or another. Truck drivers and housewives, however, also are up near the top.

So far as that pain-giver, the ulcer, is concerned, men and women are most likely to be affected between the ages of 30 and 50, rarely after 60. Incidentally, although nobody seems to know why, ulcers are more common in the spring and autumn.

Clergymen, teachers, inventors and social workers are the least likely to fall ill from their work, clinic records indicate.

Not long ago a public accountant who had undergone examination wrote back to the clinic:

"You fellows are on the right track, but if you will study the federal tax laws, the federal wage and hour regulations and the Labor Relations Act, you will discover real causes for tiredness among business men. Furthermore, they will not be the least important causes on your list. Better get busy! It's later than you think!"

In reply, the clinic's director wrote:

"We realize there are certain causes for tiredness which are out of the realm of the medical profession. I understand your reaction and agree with your diagnosis."

One of the clinic's enthusiastic boosters is a Philadelphia industrialist whose company always seems to be at a point of crisis with a labor union. A few weeks ago, the employer, who has undergone four periodic examinations, grinned when he heard that the union's leader also had appeared for an examination, complaining of "stomach tension."

One insurance executive in his early 50's came to the clinic as part of an industrial health survey. He had no specific complaint and submitted to examination stoically. He was found to have early cirrhosis of the liver, and his plant physician was advised to warn him against predinner cocktails of which the executive was fond. "There is no one so determined as a health convert," the physician later wrote the clinic. "Our patient has now given up not only cocktails but smoking, too. He also is dieting. He says he never before realized he wasn't up to par."

Referring doctors often find that reluctant patients are more likely to follow recommendations if they are backed up by the clinic's diagnostic skills. For example, one executive, employed most of his life by a Philadelphia importing house, developed spasms of nausea on the job. His private physician believed he had grown allergic to cottonseed oil, which the firm imported. The executive laughed at the diagnosis but, after his attacks became more severe, he consented to undergo tests at the clinic. The tests confirmed the diagnosis and, as a result, the firm transferred him to a department where no cottonseed oil was handled. Since then, the firm has sent all of its management personnel to the clinic for allergy tests, at the firm's expense.

Another patient, an account executive in an advertising agency, suffered violent headaches. Examination revealed that an obscure inflammation of the retina was causing discomfort and, unknown to the man, also was impairing his vision. So grateful was he for the discovery, and subsequent relief, that he prepared a patient-handbook for the clinic, at no charge.

Because most executives have active imaginations, says the clinic, they are prone to become hypochondriacs through overworry about their health. Therefore, the clinic feels that if it can give a man a clear bill of health, he is being helped considerably through the resultant mental



"I've been trying to call you to tell you I won't be home for dinner"

tranquillity. To illustrate, one recent patient had lived for years in fear of cancer of the stomach. Assured, after examination, that he had only a touch of tension, he exclaimed, "Wonderful! Now that I know definitely what's wrong, I'll be in control of the situation."

Any enterpriser who starts a one-man business, says the clinic, automatically has two health strikes against him unless his mental and physical make-up are strong enough to bear the strain of getting the business over the hump of profit or loss. Take, for illustration, the case of a 27 year old merchant who, almost from the day he opened shop in Philadelphia, began to experience stomach cramps. After six years of this, he finally appeared at the clinic and said he feared cancer.

EXAMINATION failed to disclose any malignancy, but here's what the medical report said:

"This man epitomizes a highly excitable individual, endowed with determination and drive. As the owner of a small firm, he has found it necessary to maintain almost superhuman vigilance over every phase of his business. Regrettably, he cannot look forward to a reasonable life expectancy without changing his business life so that the stresses are relieved."

Adding to his condition was the fact that his wife was shortly to have their first baby and he was worried. The clinic advised that he attend a class for prospective fathers which Pennsylvania Hospital conducts at its maternity branch. This the patient did—and soon moved to the head of his class. He also picked up an idea for a new kind of diaper, and the last that was heard of him he was looking for a manufacturer.

Sometimes the clinic flatly advises that a patient change jobs. For example, a woman newspaper reporter entered the clinic a short while ago. She complained of shortness of breath and cycles of chronic fatigue. She was gaunt and underweight, smoked constantly and twitched as she talked.

The diagnosis sent back to her doctor suggested that she leave the newspaper business—and an added note mentioned that, by chance, one of the examining specialists happened to know of an opening in a book publishing house which sends its executives to the clinic. The girl went after the job, got it, and today is a calmer and healthier person, the strain of a reporter's life behind her.

Psychiatry is vital in the clinic's work. Dr. Joseph Hughes of the staff has found that psychosomatic symptoms are most likely to appear "at that age when a man suddenly begins to realize that his youthful years are fading and that he may never be able to attain his goal in life." He feels ineffective, frustrated and repressed; and if his doubts become overwhelming he becomes a likely candidate for collapse.

Among potential psychiatric patients are men who receive promotions. They may become overanxious about whether they are really worth the $10,000 job and whether they'll be able to keep it and maintain the accompanying family and social obligations. Breakdowns, says the doctor, are frequent among foremen who suddenly are catapulted into top managerial spots. The situation is like that during the last war when the need for commissioned men sometimes put long-service petty officers into positions for which they had neither the inclination nor social qualifications.

Unable to find complete acceptance in the new circle, many a promoted man cracked up. "The old oriental custom of saving face is important to us in the western world too," Dr. Hughes says.

A frequent recommendation to distressed business men is that they become churchgoers or take up civic and social causes. "The only real security in life is emotional security, and this can often be attained through sharing the thoughts and feelings of groups," the doctor points out.

IN WEST Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Hospital operates a psychiatric division, known as the Institute, where business men can go voluntarily for a few days of rest. Several of America's better known tycoons have spent short periods there amid the restful comfort of spacious grounds and a resort-like atmosphere. There are no bars across the windows at the Institute, nor are there locked doors. Patients come and go as they please. If they want to do so, they can talk over their problems with a staff psychiatrist, but this is not compulsory.

The administrator-in-chief is Dr. Lauren H. Smith, one of the country's leading psychiatrists. His prime advice to executives and others who desire normal mental health is:

"Be tolerant in everything you do—and this includes tolerance toward oneself, one's limitations and one's failures."

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How Bold Can We Get?

(Continued from page 34)

Iron Curtain, even beyond the Urals into the UDA of U.S.S.R., so to speak?

"I would be the first to see it if Soviet Russia wanted loans and would submit to policing controls," said Anderson. "It would be a calculated risk. A rapid increase in the standard of living is the only hope of breaking totalitarianism wherever it exists."

IN Pamphlet No. 8, Morris S. Rosenthal, president of Stein, Hall and Company, export-import firm, deals with the $64,000,000,000 question, "Where is the money coming from?"

The scheme can be viewed most simply, in its financial profile, on a five-year basis which would determine, Anderson said, whether it was worth pursuing another 45 years.

The potential five-year investment would be $14,700,000,000, with the American ante being around $7,873,000,000. Private investors are invited to jump in for an additional $4,000,000,000, leaving $2,827,000,000 as the contribution of allied governments.

Congress would have to dish up $873,000,000 from appropriations for UN high-level technical and UDA work-center aid, and authorize $7,000,000,000 in increased lending power for the International and Export-Import banks.

The program could be got underway, Anderson points out, for $57,000,000 in appropriations and $1,000,000,000 in authorized loans for one year. This he contrasts with a $13,000,000,000 a year military budget.

In one-year terms, the Bold New Program doesn't sound too immodest. But we can take the word of its authors, who figure it will need at least $5,000,000,000 a year when in full swing, that it should get bigger. This is the history of many government investment programs.

They snowball. For example, support of farm-crop prices first was undertaken under the Hoover administration with a $500,000,000 kitty, of which the Government lost $300,000,000 in wheat and cotton. The Commodity Credit Corporation now has $4,000,000,000 invested, and in the past five years has taken a $500,000,000 loss, mainly in potatoes and peanuts.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation also got its start under Hoover, with a loan ceiling of $1,500,000,000. This authorization soon became obsolete, and at one time the RFC had a $19,000,000,000 ceiling. Presently it has $1,700,000,000 outstanding.

The 1941 Lend-Lease act originally empowered the President to transfer to allied countries defense articles not to exceed $1,500,000,000 in value. By 1947, Lend-Lease exports totaled more than $47,000,000,000. There is no intent here to examine the necessity or value of these three types of loans, but simply to demonstrate an old truism —it isn't the initial cost but the upkeep—which you have to consider in choosing between a "too little, too late" or "shoot the works" approach.

THE trouble with this billion-dollar boldness is that the ordinary business man can't tell whether he's getting a liberal education in international finance or a lesson in long-term panhandling. Gambling with your own big blue chips makes you painfully aware of your own and other human beings' difficulties with dollars.

Anderson admits our failings. He cheerfully accepts the "prospect of bad administration of the program, with some thieves and some crooks." In fact, he's conscientious about listing all the hazards.

First is the State Department, which would like to run the UDA deal itself. If it does, said Anderson, the program will bog down in foreign service protocol.

True, Russia could veto the program if it's turned over to the UN. He doubts this would happen because Russia is under some pressure to help small countries, too. And it didn't use its veto when the UN Assembly voted to make plans for UDA technical aid.

He accepts the possibility that communist agents will attempt to sabotage work-center progress locally. The festering hostility of native peoples, mainly colored, against white supremacy provides a basis for breeding further distrust. This is why a UN, rather than a U.S., approach is so important.

Certainly, local princes and bandits, who know more about usury, extortion and throat-cutting, will see nothing in shops and co-ops but their own extinction. The loans will have to be conditioned on social reforms such as the elimination of feudal estates and absentee ownership, says Anderson.

There is a rising tide of nationalism among downtrodden peoples, working in democracy's rather than communism's favor. For example, the Dutch ruled the East Indies for 350 years and then left in some haste, a jump ahead of the Japs. Returning with the Allies, they ran into a nationalist revolt. The United States finally saw fit to back this quest for independence, and the United States of Indonesia came into being in 1949.

As tough a problem as any, Anderson grants, will be the old high tariff wall against foreign competition. Paul G. Hoffman, Economic Cooperation administrator, already has a collection of bruises from trying to encourage European exports to America.

As for any ideas Congress might get about scuttling the Bold New Program and reducing the national debt, Anderson concedes, "The isolationists will hammer it."

PROBABLY the most amazing thing about Dr. Anderson's dream is not its billion-dollar boldness, but his hope that it can materialize despite the hazards he enumerates.

Except for an accident, Anderson might have become a star of the big top. At nine, he was so good at tumbling and acrobatics that his father let him join a circus at San Jose, Calif., where the family was living.

He traveled with the Belford troupe one season before breaking his thigh while training for a new tumbling act. After that, he limited his acrobatics to high school and later Stanford University gyms, where he won his letter as a wrestler. Barred from World War I service because of poor eyesight, he became a YMCA physical education director and presently found himself in Poland, and later Russia, administering relief for Russian students and prisoners of war.

He returned to Stanford with eight Doberman pinscher dogs, six of them grand champions purchased in Germany. His kennel largely supported him, his wife Erma and their two children while he finished college—with an A.B., M.A., Phi Beta Kappa key and finally a Ph.D.

In 1932, Stanford made him an assistant professor of economics

and chose him for a Carnegie Corporation study of the eskimos. He and Mrs. Anderson traveled 20,000 miles through Alaska, 1,100 by dog sled which he drove himself.

Softer now, Anderson limits his outdoor pursuits to overnight hikes along the Appalachian Trail in the Blue Ridge Mountains, deer hunting in northern California, where he owns property, and to pack trips with Mrs. Anderson through the Sierra Nevada.

In 30 years, Anderson has held roughly 16 different major and some indefinite number of minor appointments—so many, indeed, that a casual observer described him as a man always looking for a place to hang his hat and never failing to find a whole cloakroom.

After serving California as legislator, budget officer and relief administrator, he rose to "the most important job I ever had"—executive secretary of President Roosevelt's Temporary National Economic Committee. From 1939 to 1941, he and 180 other economists conducted a lengthy monopoly investigation. The conclusions were that nobody wants business competition if he can avoid it, we are all empire builders at heart and wealth tends to concentrate in the hands of the rich. Economists were amazed.

During and immediately after World War II, Anderson served as chief of various economic functions in the State Department, United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and Sen. James Murray's Small Business Committee.

In 1947, he formed the Public Affairs Institute. The idea was to do research as ammunition for liberal congressmen.

A. F. Whitney, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen president, financed the rehabilitation of a former bank building at 312 Pennsylvania, S. E., as the Institute's headquarters and became one of its faithful angels. As a statement of purposes and appeal for funds plainly reveals, the Institute—with a staff of about 20 and operating expenses of $84,000 a year—must pick its financial way from contributor to contributor. The skillful writing of its many pamphlets shows, however, that it is not without a lively competence.

By all odds, in billions or buttons, the liveliest man in the place is bold Dr. Dewey Anderson.



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NATION'S BUSINESS
Washington, D. C.

Love Comes to the Soft Coal Fields

(Continued from page 28)

the backs of two sets of the most rugged individualists in the world —the coal diggers and the coal sellers.

One coal operator was so unnerved that after Potter left to catch a train the man assured the audience that when Dr. Potter said he wanted subsidies he did not really mean he wanted subsidies. Most of the audience agreed with this reporter who heard the doctor say he wanted subsidies and assumed that is what he meant.

Dr. Potter also wants the coal industry—labor and management —to fight for survival above the ground as well as below it. Cut costs and improve the product below. Fight for public opinion above with the printed word and the efficient persuasion of legislation and legislators. The coal industry knows it has few friends among the general public and the tenor of the Morgantown meeting indicated that the miners and operators were exceedingly uncertain of the sentiments of their own delegates to Congress. As this goes to press a Senate subcommittee is hearing pleas from coal operators to raise the tariff on foreign oil from 10.5 cents per barrel to $1.05. Independent oil diggers are joining in this plea. The State Department is fighting the plan valiantly.

IT IS in this area that the operators and unioneers start making eyes at each other. The owners always have been awed by the legislative loyalty commanded by the UMW. The owners also are painfully aware that all union men are as thick as thieves, to use their favorite description for that solidarity. The owners want the support of other unions in this fight. They want the coal miners to get it over to the railroad brotherhoods that every time a miner is laid off a railroad man is fired.

The miners took the owners to their bosom without coyness or delay. They know the need for unity. The miners want the operators to spread the word on Wall Street and in all the American bourses that if the coal industry goes down it will suck the railroads along, too. And if the railroads collapse American prosperity is a thing of the past. The unions want the owners to tell their friends the bankers to tell their friends the oilmen that enough is enough and let's settle for a $12 dividend.

I saw the lovebirds together in union headquarters in Fairmont. They met for my benefit, seven union officials and three from management. They didn't know what story I was after because I didn't know myself. My assignment called for a story on modern mining. I did not know that love had come to the coal fields and this meeting gave me the clue that sent me off to trace down the tale behind this mating of the mongoose and the cobra.

I tried to get the boys to fighting and it wasn't too hard. I got some early action when the unioneers flicked at the operators for leasing out mines which are run by fly-by-nighters with no interest in safety. The management snapped back that the big mines were safe enough and the union was taking all the bows for that safety so why didn't the same union keep their men out of unsafe independent operations until all safety rules had been complied with. The subject withered into silence.

Somebody said something about Venezuelan oil and the gathering quickly began to sound like a joint convention of Followers and Worshippers of the Messrs. Smoot and Hawley listening to Westbrook Pegler discuss the State Department. I had not yet realized that my story was to be of love's old sweet song so I tried to get the meeting back on an uneven keel by asking a union man, "How is employment?"

"Lousy," he answered. "No better than three days a week. That's barely existing. Four days is good and five is ideal."

"Was not this marginal work in a 400,000,000 ton year due to the mechanization of mines by the operators?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then," I said triumphantly, "why does the union permit the owners to mechanize the mines?"

"The union favors the mechanization of mines," the union told me. I asked an operator, "Does the union encourage you in the installation of machinery that will cost members their jobs?"

"If you want to put it as crudely as that," an operator answered, "the answer is 'yes.' "

The union did not refute him.

One reason the union did not reply is because John L. Lewis said, "mechanization is imperative."

The union is resigned to eventual loss in membership due to mechanization but considers such casualties as a calculated risk bound to result in the most good for the most people. The union says, and rightly, that mechanization promotes safety in the mines. It raises the living standards of the miners who survive it. The union knows that, without mechanization and the resultant lowering of the cost of coal to the consumer, the coal business must perish.

Both labor and management recognize the need to attract young men to the dirty business of digging coal. Mechanization makes mining more attractive because it eliminates back-breaking labor, makes higher wages supportable by production, and thereby encourages otherwise reluctant young men to go into the mines. Nobody wants to go into the mines. The union has no illusions about this. Some operators insist on contrasting modern mining with the old days and conclude that today mining is a good job. It is merely a better job.

THE young miner becomes a miner only by the combination of geographical location and economic pressure.

Today the miner is no muscle-bound monosyllabic hunky, plodding dumbly into the bowels of the earth because his father did it before him. The miners I met were intelligent, well spoken, well read and very good company. They have to be bright, because only such men can handle the multi-ton steel machines that mechanization has brought into the narrow mine corridors today. And they are young. Not much more than 30 on an average.

This employment of young men while older hands are idle is the greatest proof of the solidarity of newly lit passion between the UMW and the operators. It violates the basic precept of unionism—the recognition of seniority.

The coal miners themselves—more of whom are old than are young—are not a bit happy over this youth movement. But the companies like it and the union resists it with gentle cries of anguish signifying nothing.

Coal management is fighting for its life and the United Mine Workers, like a good helpmeet, is doing everything it can to help win that fight.

By My Way

By R. L. DUFFUS



Re-enter the bow tie

I SEE where I can now wear a bow tie in the daytime without being laughed at—at least, without being laughed at for that reason. I think I shall do so. I can well remember when I had only one necktie, and that one was a bow tie, with the white interior showing through the blue exterior in one spot about the size of a dime. The problem was to tie the tie so that this spot would not be visible. This took skill, which I had at that time—indeed, this shows what poverty can do for a man. Now I can afford a new tie, without a hole in it, but I doubt that I can tie it as neatly as I used to. That's life for you.

70 years of progress

IN 1880, says an English doctor who has been studying the statistics, the average man grew to his full height of 5 feet, 7½ inches in 26 years. Now he does the same thing in 21 years. However, he still forgets to mail letters, hates to get up in the morning, tells the same story twice to the same person and makes good resolutions he doesn't keep.

No real saving of time

IT USED to take us two hours and a half to go by motorcar from our suburban home to the big city or, in the other direction, to the state capital. Now somebody has been building parkways, bridging hollows, boring holes through hills, and we can make the trip either way, well below the speed limit, in an hour and a half. Some of the old adventure has gone. The new highways tend to be straight. One is rarely surprised by a new beauty as one turns a corner; there are few old houses, old barns, old walls; there are trees at a proper distance but no rows of maples planted by some tree-lover two generations or so ago. Still, we are grateful. We can get places.

What puzzles me is that many people aren't satisfied to have a two-and-a-half-hour journey cut to an hour and a half; they want to whittle it down to an hour. They do this by whizzing through the scenery at something like 70 miles an hour, when the state police aren't in sight. And what they sometimes succeed in doing, sad to relate, is to arrive in eternity some years before they were due there. This doesn't appear to me to be a real saving of time.

Dangers of travel

I NOTICE that during a 12 month period 1.3 passengers were killed for every 100,000,000 passenger-miles flown by our domestic air lines. As near as I can figure it, this means that an individual passenger—me, for instance—can fly a little less than 80,000,000 miles before getting killed. Let us say, to be safe, 75,000,000 miles. I am keeping a mileage record in a little black notebook (it has a calendar in it, too, and postal information) and when I reach my limit I am going to quit using airplanes. Unless, of course, I find, as I well may, that a person gets killed more than once every 75,000,000 miles if he motors, goes by rail, rides a horse or an elephant or walks. If I have to walk 75,000,000 miles to be certain I will do so and report later in these columns.

I don't believe it

AND, speaking of airplanes, I do not believe in long-distance travel by these devices, and particularly not in transoceanic journeys. I pause while some director of public relations for some air line takes his typewriter in hand. But he can save himself trouble. I don't mean that I believe long-distance flying to be wrong. I just don't believe that it happens, and this in spite of all evidence to the contrary. Last year I left New York at eight in the evening and was in Rome at 11 Rome time (five o'clock New York time) the following evening. This year I expect to leave New York at four in the afternoon and be in London shortly after nine the next morning (four a.m. New York time). Are such things reasonable? Of course not. They do not really happen. We only think they happen. People are already talking pleasantly about jets and what *they* can do—cocktails in New York, soup in Paris, dessert in Athens and all that—but I don't even try to believe such stories. Reality is difficult enough. They do say somebody has invented a horseless carriage that actually runs. I believe that. At least I think I do.



Livery stable days

HANGING around a commercial garage the other day while some minor surgery was being performed on our venerable two-door sedan, I reflected that the modern garage had three lines of ancestry: the blacksmith shop, the veterinary surgeon and the livery stable. The livery stable came nearest to resembling a garage, but there was a difference. People did a lot of talking in livery stables, just as they do in garages. In a livery stable, however, men sat around and talked. The man in charge had to hitch or unhitch his horses, throw down some hay, put a little oats, corn or barley in the manger, do a bit of currying if he needed exercise, but he didn't really work. He had time to gossip and tell stories—and the stories he told were not adapted for use in Sunday schools. But a man in a garage which does a general repair business really works and if you are going to talk to him you have to follow him around. Mainly he talks about cars or weather, and in my experience he does not tell off-color stories during business hours. I hope I will not be misunderstood when I say I miss the old-fashioned livery-stable horse more than I miss the old-fashioned man who looked after it.

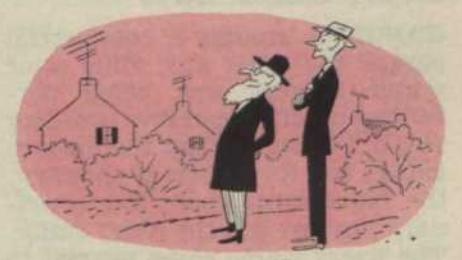
A good word for July

SOME people complain about July. They say it is too hot, that the vacation spots are too crowded, that there are too many mosquitoes and

that the lawn has to be mowed too often. But we who were born in July wouldn't dare complain, because where would we be if there were no month of July?

Mr. Brady's crabs

A HOTEL in Long Branch, N. J., has been operating since 1854. There has been a shift of management, though. Capt. Edward H. Price, who founded the establishment, isn't there any more. His son, Fraser Price, is the proprietor. The latter says "the old place hasn't changed much." It is only the people who have changed. He recalls that "Diamond Jim" Brady once came in and ate 48 hardshell crabs at a sitting. I doubt that anybody could do that today. Nobody would dare to, even if he could. But it's nice to think of the old hotel and the bar and the mirrors and the ghost of Lillian Russell swishing in. And the 48 crabs lined up for Diamond Jim.

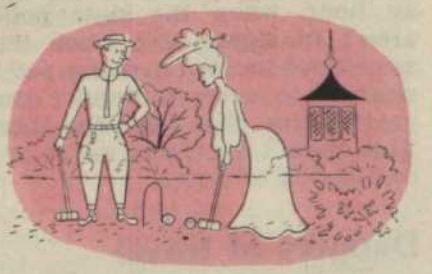


Hardware on the roof

IN YEARS gone by—the Golden '90's and such—people used to decorate their roofs with hardware to keep the lightning off. There is just as much lightning, I believe, as there ever was, but not so many lightning rods. One can still see hardware on roofs, and Uncle Abner or Grandpa Smith would take it for lightning rods, if either or both were here to look at it. But it isn't—these days it's television. Of course what this shows is that the more things change the more they remain the same. I've no doubt that some new invention will be able some day to utilize the old hitching post. The antimacassar of Victorian times is already back—and for good reason.

Herb juices and longevity

A CHICAGO man died not long ago at the age of 110. At that, he had not done as well as his father did, for the father is said to have lived to the age of 120. If we allow for an overlap of about 20 years. William Williams' father, who was also named William Williams, could have been born in the year 1740, when George Washington was about eight years old. Things like this jolt one's sense of history. Both the elder Williams and the younger—if he can be called that—owned medicine shows. The younger Williams traveled with four monkeys, a violin and a good singing voice, with the aid of which he called attention to his bottled herb juices. Many of his customers probably were skeptical of his remedies, though they liked his entertainment. If so they must have regretted their attitude. A man who had a chance to take some of Williams' herb extracts and live to be 110 or 120 would feel foolish if he passed the chance up and departed this life at 90 or 95.



Can't a ghost have fun?

WHY are ghosts always represented as unhappy or bad-tempered? My wife and I thought of this as we were driving past a house in the country where, in days gone by, we had had some gay hours. The place had been for some years unoccupied, but in the sun of a late spring afternoon it was cheerful. Why shouldn't a ghost in such a place have a game of croquet with other ghosts, shouting with delight when it drove a ghostly ball through a spectral wicket and hit an insubstantial post? Why shouldn't it pick ripe red raspberries, the juice running down its misty chin? Why shouldn't a few ghosts stand around a piano after supper—if ghosts have supper—and sing old songs? Surely, for us, this spot was haunted, but pleasantly haunted. There was no tragedy connected with it. Indeed, our friends whom we had known there were coming back, after their long absence—older and possibly wiser but, we hoped, not less contented than when they went away.

But in general we thought that if ghosts really existed—and we were not committing ourselves on that point—they could be of more than one sort. There could be the kind who go around dragging chains and making horrid noises; they would be the ones who had murdered somebody, or had got murdered, or had hidden some treasure and forgotten where. But there could also be the ones who had nice dispositions and didn't wish any harm to anybody but just liked a bit of innocent fun now and then.

"No relief," etc.

I DON'T know any words that carry me back further than "no relief in sight." They prove that weather doesn't change much over the decades and that man's reaction to weather, as illustrated by newspaper headlines, doesn't change much, either.

Those red shorts, etc.

ONE aspect of summer, these days, is that some American males seize the opportunity to parade around in such things as red shorts, yellow shirts printed with palm trees or tropical birds, beach robes that can be heard around a corner and various sporting outfits that take one's mind off the game and leave it there. This is not against the law. It is, I believe, one of the "privileges or immunities" guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment and also, perhaps, by the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment. Just the same, I am glad it is not summer all the time, except, as some people claim, in parts of Florida, Arizona and California.



Is the peerage slipping?

IS THE British aristocracy disappearing? Warren H. Phillips, London correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal*, reported recently that it is finding it hard to make ends meet. He says that Lady Madeline Lees is running a snack bar outside her "stately home in Dorset"; that the Duke of Marlborough personally sells programs to people visiting Blenheim Castle (admission, 35 cents); and that perhaps 20 other British noblemen have had to "open their ancestral homes to sight-seers for a fee." What this might mean is that someone who is not a peer but does hold a mortgage could come along some day and foreclose. The lady, duke, baron or lord would still possess the title but you cannot eat titles. I would hate to see this happen, democratic in my instincts

though I am. I would preserve the aristocracy just as I would the lion, the tiger, the elephant and other noble animals. I hope the Labor Government will do something about this. I believe the common people of Britain—and certainly the common people of the United States who hope some day to visit Britain—would applaud if the peerage were turned into a national monument, and thus preserved like the buffalo or the auk.

Outward bound again

MY WIFE and I have been studying maps, timetables and guide books again. In short, the old spring fit has come over us, the red gods (not the Moscow sort but Kipling's) have made their medicine anew and we have been taking it regularly before meals, and when these words appear in print we, as well as spring, will be gone.

The earth, as we gather, contains so many sights we would like to see that we will need to live 50 years or more to see them. We would like to fly around South America, to visit Alaska, to make a leisurely voyage around the Mediterranean, stopping at all the quaint and historic ports, to take the North Cape cruise, to go down the Mississippi on a steamboat (we have reluctantly decided that we are not up to going down on a raft), to fly across Africa from Cairo to Capetown, to visit Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, Glacier National Park and Switzerland—we would like to do these things and many more.

What we are actually going to do is to visit Britain, including Scotland. We also hope we have at least a fleeting glance at the green fields of Ireland, not to mention a city or two. We feel that the British Isles, in nearly 2,000 years of history, have done enough to merit a visit from us.

Last year, when we went to Italy, we worked hard at our Italian and I, at least, found one or two Italians—I think there was one in Rome and one in either Florence or Venice—who understood a few Italian words as I pronounced them. My wife did better, especially when I wasn't around. This year we are trying to get an Oxford accent. We were going to study Welsh but a wise old man—he had a long gray beard, was fond of sauerkraut and neither smoked nor drank except when he felt like it—advised against it.

I shall, I hope, be able to report on this adventure next month.



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